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Poetry.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.

I wake up shuddering in the night
As one who slowly cometh from a swoon,
And gazing out afraid into the dark,
I see vague shadows, and a misty moon.

And dost I see not, but can feel
That some vast Presence stirs the shrinking air,
And on its trembling and receding wings,
Sends a mysterious message everywhere.

And slowly up before mine eyes,
Hiding the dull moon with its drapery dim,
A sad majestic figure seems to rise
Afar upon earth's utmost, desolate rim.

It is the Spirit of the year
That would not let me slumber as she passed,
But drew me forth that she might show mine eyes
All that she takes away, from first to last.

I would not look, and yet I must,
And tears refuse to come with blinding grace,
When I behold the pitiless resolve
Written upon that dark and rigid face.

Alas! I dare not plead with her,
In vain were tears and passionate outcry,
She moves unheeding to the silent shore,
She will not yield my treasures though I die.

Even as I gaze, she fades away,
Fades with the sinking moon, and leaves behind
Only vague shadows, and the desolate calm
Of a spent agony within my mind.

And I am standing all alone,
And through the dark across the snows, I hear
A far off lonely bell, that swings and rings
As burdened with a message for my ear.

It sounds like a forgotten voice,
Murmuring in the gloom, "Behold and see,
Was never sorrow like unto my sorrow,"
And then meek, humble tears come back to me.

THE NEW YEAR.

O'er the mountains wild comes a little child,
And all the untrodden ways
Are blooming bright 'neath his steps of light,
And the valleys ring with his praise,
And the morning glints on his brow and tints
His cheek with its rosy rays.

His bright eyes beam and his tresses gleam—
Shot with the sunshine's darts
That mark his way through the gates of day—
As the dying year departs,
And the vacant throne is now his own,
And his kingdom is human hearts.

The song he sings and the joy he brings
Are wonderful, sweet and rare,
And the future glows like a fragrant rose
'Neath the wind that he waves in air,
And with kisses sweet, and with smiles, we greet
The beautiful, glad New Year.

And cover the head of the Old Year, dead,
With cold, cold shroud of snow.
Life's a sweet, but time is fleet,
And the years must come and go—
The beautiful years, with their smiles and tears,
The years that we all love so.

Kisses and tears for its joys and its cares—
The year whose steps have passed
Into silence sweet, where no fall of feet
Is heard in the Dim and Vast.
To the Old—his due; but we love the New—
The sweetest rose is the last!
—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE COMING YEARS.

As one by one we meet the coming years,
Each brings a message from the far away,
The land whereto we journey day by day;
Each messenger is clad, ere it appears
With garments beautiful of hopes and fears,
The varied forms of Fancy's mystic play,
Anticipations sweet, supremely gay,
And every good the hoping heart reveres.

Life like a panorama moves in light
And shade toward the great climax; we shall see
The gleams of glory burst upon the sight
Enraptured; in the glow of harmony
The soul shall see eternal visions bright
And feel the flame of immortality.

Miscellany.

SET OF LINGERIE.

A Pretty Thing Made of Cambric and Point de Paris Lace.

To what woman does dainty underwear not appeal! To the new woman, the old woman and the young girl, all alike, it has its attractions. With a little trouble it may be possessed by all.

LINGERIE OF CAMBRIC AND LACE.

For a woman of means there is a set made of fine cambric, tucked and elaborately trimmed with lace. It is of the finest point de Paris.

The chemise has shoulder straps of ruffles of lace and bows of ribbon. Across the bust is a shirred piece of the cambric below which falls a frill of the lace. The bottom of the chemise has three groups of tucks, three tucks in each. It is slashed at intervals, with the lace let in, and around the slashes forming vandyke points. The skirt and wide drawers, or bullirenas as they are called, are trimmed in the same manner.

This set can be copied in the English long cloth, which is very inexpensive. There is also a cheap lace not unlike the point de Paris which is durable. Then the tucks can be put in neatly by hand or if one has not time for that, careful machine work is very nice.

What He'd Learned.

Sarcasm generally doesn't pay, unless it be of the pleasant kind used by an Irishman to his employer—a coal dealer—who proposed to discharge him because "he couldn't learn anything."

"Well, I've learned one thing since I've been with you," said Pat.

"What's that?"

"That 1,800 pounds make a ton." Pat was retained.—Our Animal Friends.

To Irrigate the Desert.

Jones—What do you think of that project of the Enterprise Brewing company?

Robinson—What is it?

Jones—They propose to establish a branch in the desert of Sahara and open beer saloons at each oasis.—Boston Courier.

Quick Action.

Men may come and men may go, but the woman who uses a kerosene can on a slow fire always goes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Warning Too Late.

She—You looked like a fool when you proposed to me.

He (gloomily)—Well, why didn't you tell me before it was too late?—Detroit Tribune.

POPPED ON THE SIDEWALK.

Asked Her to Marry Him While the Crowd Listened.

Perhaps it isn't altogether fair to tell the story, but really it's quite too good to keep, says the Washington Post. Besides, its recital at this time is particularly apropos. She comes from Pennsylvania—just where I did not learn, but I rather suspect it was from some town not a million miles from the center of the Keystone state. Two things attracted my attention to her. In the first place, she was extremely lovely, and a man who cannot appreciate a woman's attractiveness is either a Populist or a pyromaniac.

Her hair wasn't "like spun gold," but it was a beautiful burnished brown, and when the sun caught its wavelets the effect was all the more alluring. Her eyes were big, brown and bright. They beamed with intelligence and goodness.

He was rather an indifferent young man, so far as looks went, but I suppose that what he lacked in that respect he made up mentally. They stood on Pennsylvania avenue waiting for a car.

"Oh, Henry, here comes our car now," she said in tremulous, but very sweet tones.

Henry knew it; he wasn't blind to that fact. Yet he was blind to the fact that several interested people lounged by and too eagerly drank in the conversation of the couple.

"Let it come; there are others," he replied, somewhat recklessly.

"Why, Henry, you are using slang," she murmured, turning a pair of mildly shocked eyes upon him.

"By no means," he hastened to reply. "I tone the last clause of the sentence in the sense that I meant it and you will see that you have erred."

Her lips moved; she was repeating the sentence. Then she smiled brightly.

"You are right," said she.

"I thought you would think so," he smiled back. "Do you know that I have something to say to you, Helen?"

The rich, warm color that had suffused her velvety cheeks fled for an instant and then rushed back again.

"Indeed?"

There was a little pathetic quaver in her voice.

"Yes; can't you guess?"

She shook her head negatively.

"No," she faltered.

"I—I——"

"Papah, boss?"

"Yes, yes; give me half a dozen."

"Henry," she said a moment later, somewhat reproachfully, "we really must take this car. Papa and mamma are waiting for us."

"We'll take the next one," he answered desperately. "On the car I shall have no opportunity to—to—and, besides, when we get home your father and mother, for the time being, will effectually exclude every possibility of——"

"Oh, Henry," she cried, agitatedly.

"It's true," he said, in a tense voice. "You know, Helen," he went on hurriedly, "that ever since I can remember I have at all times expressed a most fervent——"

"Henry, if we don't take a car mamma will never forgive me. You know that I promised to be with her at 4:30."

"Fervent—fervent. Ah, yes, Helen, a most fervent fervency. No, I don't mean that, dear. I meant I have expressed at all times a most intense love for you. Your beauty, goodness, grace—yourself in its entirety, all have buoyed me up with constant hope. My love for you has been the one bright guiding star of my life. Helen, without you——"

"Oh, Henry," she murmured, undecided whether to cry or smile, and half doing both, "how can—can—we miss that car. Just think——"

"Yes, just think," he said excitedly, "just think how overpowering my love for you is. Without you I wouldn't care to live."

"Dat feller's got it bad," said one of the loungers, sotto voice, to his companion.

"Her's havin' a struggle wid himself," said the other.

But Henry heard not.

"I have tried in vain to tell you how much I love you ever since we came to Washington," Henry continued.

The ordeal was having a disastrous effect on him. He was getting warmer and warmer every minute and the starch in his collar was disappearing like a chunk of ice under the rays of a hot sun.

Helen evidently began to pity him. A tender look crept into her eyes.

"Poor boy," she murmured. "And do you love me so much?"

"I couldn't tell you in a thousand years how much I love you, dear Helen," he vowed.

"If your love for me is not a passing fancy——"

"Passing fancy! My stars, it's castiron reality. I can't forget you. Will you be my wife, Helen? Tell me now or never, Helen."

He was very much agitated now. And he looked it.

"If I give you an answer, will you promise me to take the next car?"

"Yes, a million of them."

"Well, my answer is——"

She leaned forward and whispered something in his ear. I did not learn what it was, but it made Henry the happiest man in Washington at that particular moment.

He almost broke into a cheer. No doubt he wanted to hug and kiss her right then and there. A moment later he handed her aboard the car and they were whisked away.

CLOCK TRUE TO DUTY.

It Gives an Alarm When Thieves Enter Its Owner's Rooms.

"Yes," said the alarm clock to the plaster of paris statuette, "I know I'm a poor thing from Waterbury, but there's a heart in my bosom. I've been a faithful servant to these Thompsons for many years. Did you ever know me to fail in calling them?"

"I'm asleep at those hours," said the statuette, 'so I really can't say."

"Pooh! I never sleep," said the alarm clock. "And I'm never going to. I'm on watch here forever."

The statuette yawned. "It's getting dark," said she, and then the alarm clock heard her snore.

A few minutes later the alarm clock heard a scuffling noise and then he saw three men in the room.

"Click, click," whispered he to himself, "never saw them before. Robbers?"

The men gathered up all the clothing in the flat. "Say," said one, "might as well take this," and he seized the alarm clock! "Help! Thieves! Whir-r-r-r-ri Clang! Clang!"

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson ran in when she heard the alarm go off. She saw the thieves and yelled. Police came and arrested Sydney Smith, of No. 237 West Twenty-seventh street; Richard Dorsey, of No. 256 West Forty-first street, and Jesse Jones, of No. 533 West Forty-seventh street.

"Ain't I a faithful watchman?" asked the alarm clock, afterward.

"I wish you'd let me sleep," said the plaster of paris statuette.—New York Press.

No Longer Ragged.

Aunt Melissa—"No; Uncle Josh says he can't jes' make up his mind to vote. He's an the ragged edge, like."

Solicitous Politician—"Why don't you get him off?"

Aunt Melissa—"Wall, ye see he's bin thar so long he's sorter worn it smooth."—Truth.

Womanly Sympathy.

"George Maitland left his wife a widow this morning."

"Poor dear, I am so sorry for her."

"But they say George didn't treat her very well."

"Oh, it isn't that. With her sallow face she'll look just horrid in black."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Literary Woes.

"Dorothy always begins a novel in the middle."

"What's that for?"

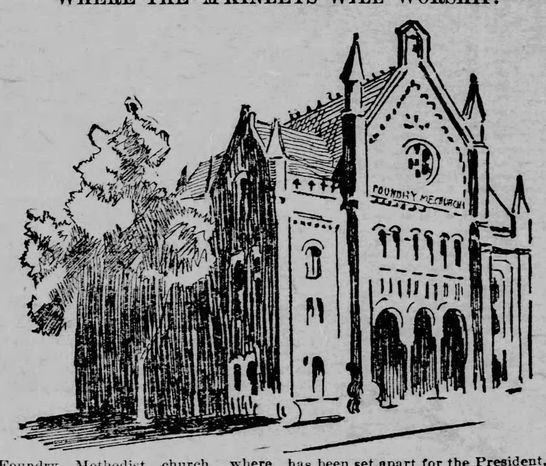
"Why, then she has two problems to get excited over—how the story will end and how it will begin."—New York Journal.

Explained.

"How smoothly the young man who made the touchdown ran."

"Yes, it was a ball-bearing run."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHERE THE M'KINLEYS WILL WORSHIP.

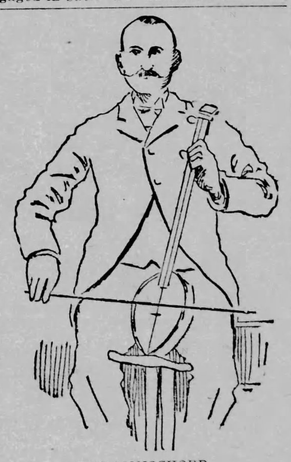


Foundry Methodist church, where President McKinley and his wife will worship in Washington, is an edifice with a history. It was built in 1815 as a thank offering by Henry Foxhall, whose foundry, near Washington, was preserved from destruction by the British by a storm, which swamped the expedition sent against it. Mr. Foxhall, in the deed conveying the ground and building to the church trustees, provided that a pew should always be set aside for the use of the President of the United States. This pew was marked with a silver plate, which was lost when the old pews were replaced some years ago. The fourth pew on the west side has been set apart for the President, but no plate has been used to mark it. Among the Presidents who have worshiped in Foundry church are Madison, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, and Hayes. The church is at Fourteenth and G streets, a short distance from the White House and only a block from the Ebbitt House. When Mr. McKinley was in Washington, from 1877 to 1891, he attended the church, but was not enrolled as a member. The pastor is Rev. O. A. Brown, but his term expires in March. It is likely there will be a new pastor, as one of the rules of the church provides for a change every five years, and Mr. Brown's time will expire when the McKinley administration begins.

MUSIC ON ONE STRING.

A Chicago Man Who Has Invented a Queer Instrument.

A Chicago man has invented a musical instrument with only one string and he claims he is the onbly man in the world who can play it. The inventor and musician is W. E. Bent, the private secretary of a prominent railroad official. Despite the fact that he is engaged in such an unsentimental vocation as the railroad business Mr. Bent can do all that he claims he can on his odd instrument.



THE MONOCHORD.

At his home on the West Side Mr. Bent took his monochord between his knees and demonstrated his ability to extract a great deal of beautiful melody from the queer contrivance. He can play anything upon it, from difficult classical music to an Irish jig. The tone of the instrument is as fine as the best violin and in pitch almost approaches the violoncello. The great feature of the monochord is the length of the string. It is so much longer than the string of a violin that a full octave more can be produced in running its scale.

Mr. Bent has placed a long finger board, about twice as long as that of the ordinary violin, upon the body of a viola, and upon this instrument he played last evening. To play rapid and difficult music upon one string is certainly a feat worthy of note. This Mr. Bent accomplishes with the greatest of ease. The surface of the finger board is not marked by frets, so that a note is made with the same difficulty as it is on a violin. There is, of course, no written music for the monochord, and all of the work done by Mr. Bent upon it is, therefore, original execution and accomplished by ear alone.

Mr. Bent is thoroughly wrapped up in his invention and night after night he sits down and, grasping the body between his knees, leans over the single string and plays for hours at a time with his wife alone for an audience.—Chicago Tribune.

THE JOKE CLERICAL.

Good Story Told by Spurgeon in a Lecture.

Trollope presumed that bishops upon their consecration lost the power to whistle, says the Speaker.

"I remember," says Spurgeon, in his lecture to his divinity students—most admirable lectures they are—"I remember hearing an aged minister, who had succeeded on the platform a younger brother that had broken down utterly in an extemporaneous prayer, open his petition to the Almighty thus: 'That it might please Almighty God to make you young man's heart as soft as his head.'" While Spurgeon himself—in the same lecture, we think—said that he had once observed to a friend of a Methodist minister they had just heard preach: "Ah, that's the stuff of which martyrs are made!" "That stick!" exclaimed the friend. "Yes. He's so dry he'd burn well!"

Montaigne, with the happiest effect of humor, closes a long, historic list of kings, queens and great men who owed all to fortune with the burlesque instance of "him of old, who, throwing a stone at a dog, hit and killed his mother-in-law." But our Chrysostom, Jeremy Taylor, having this passage from Montaigne obviously in his mind, applies it ponderously, thus: "He that threw a stone at a dog and hit his cruel stepmother said, although he intended it otherwise, yet the stone was not quite lost; and, if we fail in the first design, if we bring it home to another equally to content us or more to profit us, then we have put our conditions past the power of chance."

Interesting Information.

"And now, little children," said the Sunschool superintendent, "if you are good children some day you may wear a golden crown."

"Paw's got one on his tooth now," chirped the smallest and newest boy.—Indianapolis Journal.

Pat's Explanation.

"Pat," said Tommy to the gardener, "what is nothing?"

"There ain't any such thing as nothin'," replied Pat; "because whin ye find nothin', and come to look at it, there ain't nothin' there." -Round Table.

Fame of David.

Tommy—Paw, was there any fireworks in the days of the Bible?

Mr. Figg—No; unless you count David. He was a pretty good giant cracker at one time.—Boston Transcript.

SMILE-PROVOKERS.

Singular and Plural.

"You must not be offended with Algy," said the Duke of Boglands. "He naturally has a singular manner, you know."

"Singular is the word exactly," remarked the American girl. "Plural would not apply at all. He is totally lacking there."

About four weeks after the Duke suddenly bethought him that, perhaps, she might have been making some allusion to manners.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Falling.

Mr. Figg—I have called to get something done for my boy Tommy. Perhaps you can can prescribe without going to the house.

Doctor Bowless—What are the symptoms? How is his appetite?

Mr. Figg—That is just what I called to see you about. He has got so for the last two or three days that he doesn't eat more than twice as much as I do.—Indianapolis Journal.

Consequences.

His wife's millinery bill slipped from his nerveless fingers.

"The consequences of your extravagance," he solemnly exclaimed, "be upon your own head."

They were, with the exception of Thursday afternoon, when the cook wore them.—Chicago Journal.

Mr. Asbury Peppers.

"The new boarder," said the landlady, "is as bald as an egg."

"Just about the age of one, isn't he?" asked Ashbury Peppers, which was really unkind of him, as the lady made a practice of getting the freshest the storage houses had.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Followed Him.

Tuttle—The professor finds it impossible to get away from his work.

Newton—Is that so?

Tuttle—Yes, he went to the seashore and the first thing he struck was a school of fish.—Texas Siftings.

HOSIERY AND SLIPPERS.

They Are the Most Valuable Aids to Dress.

No well-groomed woman is without suitable hosiery and shoes for her various costumes. Some prefer giving a piece of the gown to the bootmaker, thus insuring a perfect match. However, they come in such a variety ready made that one can get them to match near enough. In the Christmas novelties there is a great display of hosiery and slippers.

Among the prettiest shoes is the one with patent-leather vamp and latticed top. It is a low shoe, of course. The top has narrow strips of kid interwoven. It is very comfortable, as it gives to the foot. The silk stocking worn with it has the open-work lattice pattern as nearly like the shoe as possible.

None of the shoes this season has the extremely pointed toe which has caused such suffering to the victim and has been such a boon to the chiropodist.

Some of the stockings are so open as to afford scarcely any protection. Then they go to the other extreme in the golf or cycling stocking, which is so thick as to require no legging or top boot.

The Tables Turned.

First Club Man—Ah, good morning, Jaggs! Ha, ha, ha! I'll bet your wife gave you fits when you got home last night. You were tight as—

Second Club Man (wildly)—Don't you laugh, you grinning idiot. She wasn't there. She's eloped with a man who don't drink.—New York Weekly.

Of Course.

"Can you tell me who lives in that big house up there on the hill?"

"Up there in that white mansion? Mr. Black."

"He must be very wealthy."

"Yes; richest man in town."

"What is his business?"

"He runs the bicycle repair shop."—Cleveland Leader.

His Saving Grace.

"I am not without my good points," said the tramp.

"What are they, I should like to know?" asked the gruff gentleman.

"Well, for instance," replied Meandering Mikey, "I am the original piece of labor saving machinery."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Our Serial Story.

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THE FELLOW PASSENGERS:

A Mystery and Its Solution.

By RIVINGTON PYKE,

Author of "THE MAN WHO DISAPPEARED," "LONDON OF THE PAST," &c., &c

CHAPTER XVII.

When Marsh, after inquiring at Gulby Junction, found that Mrs. Bent had fled by the Wigan train, he soon made up his mind that he would follow her. But where? Where was she flying to?

He could learn, really, very little about her. She had descended on the spot quite unexpectedly, and had been asked but few questions about herself. Weeks expressed his belief that she had come that morning from Wigan—but even of this he was not sure.

A telegram sent to the station named met with a guarded, unsatisfactory response. Marsh, in disgust, jumped into the next train for Wigan, proposing to investigate there himself.

He soon found that Mrs. Bent had, in fact, alighted at Wigan. After a short absence from the station, she had returned, with some light luggage, and had gone by the one o'clock train for Liverpool.

Liverpool! Why Liverpool? Marsh could have understood London—which was easily reachable—but not Liverpool. Was she thinking of going back to New York?

The one o'clock train was a slow affair—took fifty-five minutes to go twenty miles, and stopped at every station. It was only due at Lime street just before two, and would no doubt be a few minutes late. Marsh telegraphed to a confrere at the other end to look out for the lady, and followed her by the next train.

His own train was a slowish one, so that he did not reach Liverpool till a few minutes to four. Fortunately, his confrere, being on hand, had received the message, and had bestirred himself to execute the commission.

"I think I've treed her," the friend said. "Tallish lady, slight, carries small hand-bag. But you'll have to look smart. She's going on to London by the 4:5."

Marsh swore a little. She was leading him a pretty dance. It was clear, though, that there was method in her madness; and by following her Marsh fancied that he would stand a good chance of coming unawares on the confederate.

Mrs. Bent's compartment—she had already taken her seat—was pointed out to Marsh, and he, keeping out of sight, located himself in the next one. The train started. At Crewe, the first stop, there was ten minutes' delay, and Mrs. Bent got down. Marsh watched her. She entered the telegraph office and dispatched a message. "To let the confederate know she's coming," concluded Marsh. "I wonder what she's saying?" He could not play the spy, though, so thoroughly as he wished, without attracting her notice; and that would have been fatal to his plan. He forebore, therefore; but maintained a doubly jealous watchfulness over her for the rest of the journey.

At Willesden he changed into her compartment, feeling sure that he had hitherto successfully evaded her gaze. She seemed tired, as, indeed, she well might. But her eyes were on the alert, and she was plainly ready to take fright at any sign of surveillance. Marsh buried himself nonchalantly behind an evening paper and affected to be unaware of her presence.

He expected that she would be in a great hurry at Euston to alight and drive away; and he prepared to follow her promptly. But to his surprise, she hung back, busying herself—pretendedly—with a rearrangement of the articles in her hand-bag. Marsh changed his tactics. Instead of walking after her out of the carriage, he preceded her, and went off at a swinging pace towards the luggage van on the rear.

About twenty yards away he halted, swung round and concealed himself behind a pillar. A minute passed. Then Mrs. Bent appeared, alighted, and walked quietly off. Marsh tipping a cabman, and telling him to follow, went cautiously after her.

Mrs. Bent looked about her a great deal, as if half-expecting some one, so, she was disappointed, for no one appeared. After a little dallying she left the station and walked towards the Euston road.

Here she turned to the right and went westward, still looking about her carefully. At the busy crossing where Hampstead road arises, she made her way over, in a diagonal direction, and turned down Tottenham court road. Marsh, who still followed, with the cabman behind him, was puzzled by her behavior. And when, at length, she turned into a restaurant in the latter thoroughfare, his perplexity was greatly increased.

Was this a rendezvous agreed upon between her and the confederate? If so, was the latter already inside, or was he still to come? Marsh regretted, now, that he had shown himself to Mrs. Bent during the latter part of her journey. Had he kept close, he might have entered the restaurant almost at her heels—have witnessed the meeting, if meeting there was to be—whereas, in the present circumstances, common prudence forbade such a policy.

A waiter came to the door of the establishment, and looked idly up and down the street. Marsh seized the opportunity.

"Hist!" he called out.

The waiter, a foreigner, seemed puzzled, but advanced a few steps in Marsh's direction.

"Did you notice that lady who's just gone in?" Marsh asked.

"Oh, yes," said the man, with an accent.

"Was anyone waiting for her?"

"No, sir," was the garcon's response.

"Well, now, look here," said Marsh, fumbling in his pocket. "You keep an eye on her while she's inside; and if she speaks to anyone or so much as winks at anyone, you let me know. Will you?" He held up a coin suggestively, and the waiter, with a grin, accepted the commission.

Marsh now took out his photograph of Broadhurst, and carefully studied the man's features by the light of one of the arc-lamps. Then he approached his cabman, and entered into conversation, keeping a careful eye the while on the restaurant door.

Half an hour passed. Several people, none of whom bore the slightest resemblance to the suspected one, entered and left the restaurant. By and bye, the friendly waiter came out again, to report progress and receive his reward. There had been no communication (he said) between the lady and any other customer, and she was now preparing to leave. Marsh paid him, and retreated a little distance from the doorway.

Suddenly, he felt a friendly grip on his arm. "You here?" said a voice he knew. Marsh turned. It was a colleague—Inspector Wargrave, of Scotland Yard.

"Something up, I suppose?" Wargrave remarked genially.

Marsh nodded, and they shook hands.

"Good thing," Wargrave queried.

"Pretty good," said Marsh. He explained in a few brief sentences. "You busy?" he asked, in conclusion.

"No," said Wargrave. "Nothing doing."

"You might come along, then," suggested Marsh.

"Right you are, my boy. I will."

At this moment Mrs. Bent re-appeared, and advanced briskly in the man's direction. Marsh thrust his shoulder towards her, and shielded himself behind Wargrave. They were standing within a few yards of the cab. Mrs. Bent, catching sight of the empty vehicle, came up close.

"Cabman, are you engaged?" she asked.

"Yes, mum," cabby replied, gruffly. Then he pointed to a brother driver, who was coming along empty. "One there, mum. He'll take you. Hi, Bill!"

Mrs. Bent accepted the hint. Holding up her umbrella, she attracted the new-comer's attention, and in another minute was driving off in the direction of Hampstead road.

"Now, my lad," said Marsh, smartly. "What you've got to do is to follow that—and take care not to let her see that we're after her."

"Right you are," said cabby, shortly. He was a man of deeds rather than words, and soon placed his vehicle in the wake of the foremost cab.

Up Hampstead road, by the "Britannia," along Chalk Farm road, up Haverstock hill, the chase proceeded, Marsh's driver keeping skillfully about twenty yards in the rear of the lady. When Haverstock hill had been in great part surmounted, the pace of the leading cab diminished considerably. Its driver was seeking fresh instructions. Marsh's cabby accommodated his speed to that of the other with admirable art. Soon Mrs. Bent's man was again instructed, and he turned off sharply to the right.

Pursuit, easy enough in the busy streets, became now a matter of some delicacy. But Marsh's man continued to show his skill. He increased the distance, and contrived to reach his corners just a second before the pursued vehicle turned the next one. In this way, Mrs. Bent and her pursuers drew near to the end of the former's journey.

After turning three corners, Elizabeth street was reached—though neither Marsh nor his cabman knew that this was the goal. The driver was cautiously preparing to turn into that street when he saw that the other cab had stopped—and that only a few doors from the corner. With great presence of mind he whipped up his horse and drove on ahead.

"All right sir," he called down through the trap. "I know the house."

Just out of sight of the other party, the cabman drew up. Marsh and Wargrave jumped down, hastily, and ran back to the corner. The night was gloomy, and the street dimly lit; but the illumination was sufficient for them to see Mrs. Bent descend and knock at a door.

By the look of the house—lights on each floor—they concluded that it was let out in lodgings. The inspectors crept cautiously along by the area railings on the opposite side, until they faced the house. The door was opened by a woman, possibly the landlady. A few questions were asked and answered—ther could not hear the words—then Mrs. Bent was admitted, and the front door was shut.

This, then, in all probability, was the spot where Broadhurst was concealing himself. Where, also, the much-sought trunks had found storage. Highly elated with the all but achieved success of his plans Marsh instantly concerted with his friend what further steps they should take.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Charlie Howarth performed the duty of a chum by going to see his friend Bob off, Widdon-wards, by the midnight train, on the Saturday. Then he returned home and slept the sleep of the contented.

He was really a little bit "riled"—as he put it—by Mrs. Kennet's sudden change of front. He didn't mind going halves with the new lodger in her regard; but he did object to being co completely—and so unceremoniously—thrust into the dim background. Yet, when he rose on the Sunday morning, he found himself equal to taking a charitable view of her inconstancy.

Little Maudie waited on him at breakfast, and he chaffed her, quite in his old style, about her preference for the man on the floor below. From her, he learned that the new lodger was a Mr. Brand that he was a married man, and that Mrs Brand was expected shortly.

"He's got lots and lots of money," said the child, effusively; "heaps of it. He told ma he was going to buy a house somewhere here."

"Oh, indeed," said Charlie, with an incredulous grin. "And what's he come into lodgings for, then?"

"Why, of course," said Maudie, scornfully; "till he's made up his mind which house he'll buy. Oh, you are silly! You are!"

Charlie shammed penitence. "What did he give you that shilling for?" he asked with a show of interest.

"Oh, you are a—a goose!" retorted Maudie, severely. "I won't tell you—there!"

"I don't want to know—particularly," said Charlie, diplomatically.

"Well, then—it was because I went out to get him some papers."

"Curl papers?" Charlie suggested. Whereon Maudie climbed up and pulled his ear.

"Curl-papers! No! Papers to read—evening papers."

"Oh, indeed! Get manw of them?"

"Oh, such a lot—four. Just fancy, wanting to read four different papers! Ma said she never knew anyone who read so many."

At first Charlie consoled himself for being outshone in this respect by the reflection that the man below must have more money than wit. But when, in the course of a little more chaffing, it came out that Mr. Brand had purchased four more papers that morning—causing the newsboy who peddled these Sunday publications to class him as either an escaped lunatic or a millionaire in disguise—Charlie began to smell a rat. Had the gentleman some special reason (he wondered) for this profuse patronage of journalism.

After a late breakfast Charlie went out visiting, and did not return till supper-time. At this meal he was pleased to find himself attended by Mrs. Kennet in person. Being the first time he had seen her since Mr. Brand's advent, he felt bound to congratulate her on having filled her lower rooms. A little to his surprise, though, she took his remarks very coolly. This caused him to watch her more carefully than usual, and he soon saw from her manner that her confidence in, or regard for, her new lodger had already received a check.

She, however, said nothing overtly to confirm this impression, and Charlie had sufficient delicacy of mind to refrain from entrapping her into any disclosure. He felt, though, a little vicious satisfaction at his rival's speedy dethronement.

Next morning, at breakfast, he learnt from Maudie, who was perennially communicative, the reason for Mrs. Kennet's coolness.

"Oh, do you know," said Maudie. "I do believe Mr. Brand is ill."

"Indeed," responded Charlie. "Why do you think so?"

"He eats hardly anything," said the child. "Yesterday he didn't touch his dinner. Ma was so cross, because she made him a tart on purpose, and she wouldn't even taste it."

"Gracious!" said Charlie, feigning to be impressed. "What have you been doing to 'im?"

"I've done nothing," said Maudie, in an offended tone. "Ma is quite angry," she continued. "She says if he is going to be ill on her hands she'll be sorry he came."

"H'm!" exclaimed Charlie, with a slight smile. "And what do you say?"

"I say the same," replied Maudie, with dignity. "I don't like people who get ill."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Charlie, in his most serious manner. "He's been reading too many newspapers—that's why he couldn't eat his dinner."

"Does that make people ill?" Maudie inquired anxiously.

"Decidedly," said Charlie."

The child seemed impressed, but also puzzled.

"He hasn't read the newspapers, though," she continued, with the air of making a necessary distinction. "At least, not much. He only looked at them for a minute, and then folded them up again. I know that, because I watched him."

"You see a great deal too much," said Charlie, teasingly. At this moment the child's name, called by her mother from the basement, summoned her away—a little to Charlie's relief. What she had told him, though, sank into his mind, and set him thinking. There certainly was something a little—a—well, queer about the gentleman in the rooms below. Was there not?

Down in the city, Charlie met Bob, who was looking seedy. Two consecutive nights spent in trains—with an anxious day between—do not improve one's complexion. From Bob, he learnt of the doings at Gulby and Widdon, and of the mystery which still surrounded Walter Broadhurst's movements. In order that he might hear more of this, and that Bob might be able to tell him his tale at ease, he invited the latter to pay him a long visit in the evening. Eventually, they arranged to have their evening meal together.

It was Mrs. Kennet herself who laid the table for them, and brought up the viands. She was silent, though, and formal—obviously, she didn't wish to be questioned. The two young men, respecting her mood, confined themselves to mere ordinary civilities.

The communicative Maudie came on the scene later—to clear away. Whatever the cloud might be which depressed her mother, it had had no effect on her. She was, if anything, even more chatty than usual.

She sidled up to Charlie, and held out her hand—the fingers of which were clenched on something. "Another shilling," thought Charlie. A moment later, when Maudie afforded him an instantaneous glimpse of her palm, he saw that his surmise was correct.

"What have you been doing this time, Maudie?" Charlie asked. "Getting some more papers?"

Maudie shook her head tantalisingly, but kept her lips together.

"What, then?" Charlie inquired, in his most coaxing tone.

"I've been doing some writing for Mr. Brand," said Maudie, rapidly, after a pause, and after a vain attempt to retain the secret.

"Writing?" said Charlie, incredulously. "Rubbish! You're making fun of me."

"I'm not," said Maudie, stontly. "I'm telling you the—exact—truth."

"Go on!" ejaculated Charlie. "What did you write, then?"

"I wrote the address on a parcel," said Maudie. "And after that I took the parcel to the postoffice, and put a stamp on it.

"Who was it——" Charlie hesitated for a moment. To ask such a question as lay on the tip of his tongue seemed like playing it very low down on his fellow lodger. But then the perfected the man was such a mystery that he was hardly entitled to ordinary consideration. "Who was it sent to?" he resumed.

Maudie shook her head obstinately, and remained quiet.

"I don't believe there was any such parcel," said Charlie, chaffily.

"There was—there was," said Maudie, with some heat.

"Well, then, you've forgotten the address," Charlie continued.

"No, I haven't, then," said Maudie, indignantly.

"What was going to Mr. Snape, No. 3, Market Square, Widdington. Now—you see, I do remember it."

Bob had been sitting quietly by, all this time. He felt no interest in the doings of the new lodger. Now, however, he jumped up, with a smothered exclamation.

"'Snape, Widdon,' he repeated. "Are you sure of that?"

Maudie shrank back before the sudden outburst. It required a little tact to induce her to confirm her statement.

"By heaven!" Bob exclaimed. "But what is the meaning of this? Snape is the name of that d—d solicitor Walter Broadhurst works for."

Maudie was hurried out of the room by Charlie, who then pointed out to his friend that, after all, there was nothing so very surprising in the coincidence. A solicitor, in his professional capacity, is more or less a public character. The man below had, of course, some business connection with Snape. Hence the parcel.

Still Bob was not satisfied. "It looks darned queer," he muttered.

"In what way?" Charlie demanded.

Bob felt unequal to formulating his latent disquietude in such a way as to convince his friend. Accordingly he collapsed.

Later, though, in talking over the matter, a new aspect of this incident presented itself to Charlie. Why had Mr. Brand employed Maudie to write this address for him? Stontly as Charlie had combatted his friend's sudden suspicion, he now inclined to be suspicious himself.

"Looks rocky, doesn't it," he exclaimed. "Tell you what, Bob, we'll get to the bottom of this. I'll ring and question Mrs. Kennet."

The time was about 9:45 Monday evening, be it remembered. Mrs. Kennet appeared in answer to the bell, and, after assuring Charlie, in response to his inquiry, that she was "not very busy" at the minute, was requested to take a seat.

"What's your idea—candidly—about this man on the floor below?" asked Charlie. "Do you know much about him?"

"Only what he told me," said Mrs. Kennet, disappointedly. "He said he was new to London, and couldn't give me a reference, in consequence. But he offered to pay in advance, and showed me that he was well-to-do. Besides, I thought he was quite a gentleman——."

There was a subtle implication, in the concluding phrase, that she had since found reason to change her mind.

Charlie nodded sympathetically.

"He said he was thinking of settling down in Hamstead, and wanted to lodge on the spot, while he was looking round. His wife, he told me, was with friends in the North, but would join him in a few days. Now, this afternoon he says she is coming to-night."

"To-night!"

"Yes," Mrs. Kennet resumed. "And I shan't be sorry when she does come, either. He's been quite ill ever since Sunday morning, and's given me a lot of extra trouble—besides eating nothing and groaning continually, as if he were demented."

"Phew! What's the matter with him?"

"I can't make out," Mrs. Kennet continued displeasedly. "He says it's nothing—a little fall, or something like that—and he won't have a doctor. But he couldn't go on much worse if he were dying."

"Dear, dear!" said Charlie. • • •

"Well—we've been wondering——" he continued, glancing at Bob. "Maudie told us she'd been doing some writing for him, and we've been wondering—a—why he got her to do this."

"Heaven knows," said Mrs. Kennet, impatiently. "More of his queerness, I suppose. I begin to feel sorry now I let him have the rooms."

"Can't he write himself?" Bob asked.

"Is his hand hurt, do you know?"

Mrs. Kennet shook her head, and frowned. "He can write well enough, if he wants to," she said. "Leastways, he could yesterday. He did hardly anything else all day—Sunday, too!"

At this moment a cab drove up, and stopped in front of the house. It was the one containing Mrs. Bent.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Charlie, peering down through the venetians. "A lady, by jove!"

"I expect it's Mrs. Brand," said his landlady, backing towards the door.

A vigorous knock resounded through the house, and Mrs. Kennet hurried downstairs. Charlie and Bob were so ill-mannered as to go out to the landing in order to hear what passed.

"Mr. Brand is living here?" the lady asked in an agitated voice.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Kennet, quite graciously. No trace of the discontent she had exhibited upstairs was now detectable in her voice.

"He expects me, I think. I am Mrs. Brand," the lady went on.

"Yes, ma'am. This way, please," replied Mrs. Kennet, knocking at her new lodger's sitting room door.

The door was opened—a little way only—the lady disappeared hurriedly inside, and then instantly the door was closed again. Mrs. Kennet, who lingered in the hall, intending to ask a friendly question and to tender her services to the lady, was taken by surprise. "Well, I never!" she exclaimed audibly. And then, indignantly, she returned upstairs to Charlie.

She sighed prodigiously, and threw herself into a chair. "Ah, me!" she exclaimed. "A poor woman who's reduced to taking lodgers mustn't expect much ceremony. If she does, I pity her!"

"Don't say that," cried Charlie. "Lodgers are not all alike. Now, there's me, for instance!" He winked slyly at Bob, as he uttered his concluding words.

"But wasn't that a piece of good manners for you?" cried Mrs. Kennet ironically, referring to the lady's hurried disappearance. "

pected man, and now broke in hurriedly: "Marsh—look here! This blamed thing doesn't correspond!"

Marsh took the photograph, and began to compare it, for himself. "No more it does," he muttered.

"I am not Walter Broadhurst," Bent resumed. "He died at Guiby, last Friday night. I am George W. Bent—the actual criminal. I and I alone am guilty."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the officers in chorus. "How's that?"

"There is a paper, here," Bent said, pointing to a writing desk. "That will explain everything." He unlocked the desk as he spoke, and handed the paper to Inspector Marsh.

The latter glanced through it hastily, and passed it on to Wargrave. They then consulted for a moment.

"You give yourself up? Wargrave inquired. "You will come with us, quietly?"

Bent inclined his head in token of assent. A sad but short leave-taking then ensued between the newly reunited couple, at the close of which Bent was conducted to the cab that stood at the door. Next moment, the vehicle was put in motion.

At Bow street, Bent, in consequence of his obvious weakness, was seen by a medical man, who ordered his removal to the infirmary. Here—to cut a long story short—he died on the afternoon of the following day.

* * * * * * *

Some extracts from the paper he handed to Inspector Marsh will be of interest; the more so as the paper contained a full confession of the deception he had resorted to. And, being written with the fear of death before him, it was both frank and explicit:

* * * The evening paper I purchased at Crewe gave me the first news that my crime was discovered, and that the police were on my track. I was disagreeably surprised, having counted on about two days more of immunity, within which to develop my plans. * * * I knew not what to do. Then the accident happened. I was stunned for a moment, but soon partially recovered. Everybody else in the compartment seemed either dead or senseless. The man in front of me to particularize, I saw at once was dead. * * * The idea almost burnt itself into my brain. It was a daring one. Perfectly executed (as it might have been) it would purchase me almost complete immunity. I decided to make the attempt. At the worst, I could only fail. * * * I took his keys, his railway ticket, his papers. I exchanged hats and bags—first cleaning my own bag of everything that might betray me. Then I made a selection of the more harmless of my papers—carefully including one that contained my name and address. These I put into my letter case and stuffed into his pocket. * * * All that had to be done quickly; and my head whirled round the whole time, as if the shock had hurt my brain. I am afraid I bungled in some ways. I could hardly help—the circumstances were so terribly against me. Anyway, the murder is out, now—in part. I see by this (Sunday) morning's papers that the police are on the track of my accomplice—that is, myself. Soon, I suppose, they will pay me a visit. * * * I fancy—now, I am almost sure—that I am dying. I feel as if something had gone wrong inside my brain. I cannot truly say that I am sorry for this. Better death—yes, death—than imprisonment, disgrace, and infamy. If death is coming, let it come before I am found! * * * Agnes, Agnes, I am sorry for you! I have brought you nothing but trouble and sorrow. I have one, and only one, honest wish—that I may see you again, freely, before I die. May you then quickly forget me!

* * * * * * *

In Bent's luggage, at Mrs. Kennet's, were found some few of the stolen bonds, and an account of what had been done with the remainder. These, of course, the police took charge of.

Mrs. Bent stayed in London till her husband was buried. Then she disappeared; returning most probably to her own country.

The news—glad, and yet sad—of the discovery at Hampstead reached Mrs. Broadhurst early on the Tuesday morning. She at once went over to Guiby, with her sister-in-law and her father. The body of her deceased husband was, after due preliminaries, handed over to her, and was suitably interred on the following day at Wicklon. All who had known Walter, rejoiced, on this occasion, that his memory was cleared of the stain that, for a time, threatened to besmirch his character.

(The End.)

CHILDREN'S DAY IN PARIS.

The French Santa Claus Comes at New Year's.

New Year's day is in Paris what Christmas day is in England—the children's day. Paris is adorable to her children, but never shows herself a kindlier mother than then.

Just as on waking on Christmas day the English child wonders what the morning shall surely bring forth in acquired possessions, so does the Parisian little one on opening its eyes look round for those long hoped for etrennes that have for days and nights past. It is on the bed itself, or else on the table of the nursery, that the French Santa Claus displays his guerdons. And Mars shows us such a scene, where waking, a little girl sees what a dear visitor has come in the night.

From the highest to the lowest the Parisians make a point on this day of rendering the reveille of their little ones a happy one. I can remember how grand old Victor Hugo, when Jeanne and George were still mites, was busy most of New Year's eve in laying out the surprises of the morrow. It was my good fortune to spend one such eve with him, during which the bitter satirist showed me how it was that the same pen that penned "Les Chatiments" could also have written "L'Art d'Etre Grandpere." But I have seen the same enthusiasm everywhere, even in those on whom the veneer of Parisian cynicism is most thickly laid.

One might call New Year's day in Paris the children's day, for on this day it is certainly the little ones who are most considered. Mars gives us several scenes that may be witnessed on such a day, and in each scene it will be noticed the little ones play the foremost parts. Here it is the visit paid by the proud mother to her friend, where little Rene or Paulot is taken out in his best attire to wish with his pretty little lisp the good and happy year to his mother's old schoolmate. There it is the visit to the boulevard fair which the children would not miss, poor though the show is. Yet the long lines of booths, surrounded by animated crowds, are on a fine afternoon a pretty sight enough—a sight at any rate which delights children, even where their parents buy nothing.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

ENTOMBED IN ICE.

Bodies Preserved for Years in Alpine Glaciers Come to Light.

A skeleton has been found in one of the fissures of the Ademello glacier, in the Southern Tyrol, which is thought to be that of an American tourist of the name of Ruth, who disappeared in 1890. These fissures cleave glaciers at all angles, and it is very easy to slip into one of them.

When once in, it is hardly possible to escape without help from above, and the warmth of the body melts the ice around, so that the victim slowly descends by the weight of his own body into the depths of the glacier, and generally starves to death. On looking into these fissures the most beautiful play of light is blue and green and rainbow colors is seen. But these are best enjoyed from the safe vantage ground of the upper, outside world, rather than down in the depths and close at hand.

In some instances, it is said, bodies have been preserved down in these fissures in the ice for years.

Her Plausible Theory.

"Mrs. Stately, how can we account for the fact that the surface of the earth is constantly growing colder?"

"I'm inclined to think it's because Boston is the hub."—Detroit Free Press.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

"Geoffrey Crayon."

"Please give the name and a short sketch of the life of the author who wrote under the name of Geoffry Crayon, and who originated the expression 'the almighty dollar?' —A. F. Y., Shipshewana, Ind.

"Geoffrey Crayon" was a pen name, used for a short time in his earlier years, by Washington Irving. He was born in New York city April 3, 1783, died November 28, 1859. He studied law, and while a student wrote literary squibs for the newspapers. His health being delicate, he was sent to Europe in 1804, and traveled through England and on the continent. He returned to New York in 1806, and, with others, was interested in a literary periodical called Salmagundi. His History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," published in 1809, was a great success. The next year he became connected in business with his brothers, but found time to indulge in literary pursuits. In 1815, he went again to England on business connected with the firm, staying till 1818, when the house went into bankruptcy. His Sketch Book was published the next year, Bracebridge Hall in 1822, and Tales of a Traveler in 1824. Meantime Irving traveled over Europe. In 1826, at Madrid, he determined to write a life of Columbus, which was published in 1828. This was followed by Conquest of Grenada and the Alhambra Tales. In 1829 he left Spain to take the post of secretary of legation under the American minister in London. He remained in that post three years, returning to New York in 1832, after seventeen years' absence. He settled at Sunnyside, on the Hudson, and devoted himself to literary work. In 1842 he was appointed minister to Spain, and he spent four years at Madrid. Returning to America in 1846, he wrote his life of Washington, followed by those of Mahomet and of Goldsmith.

Who Rang It?

"Who rang the Liberty bell, July 4, 1776?"—E. S., New Middletown, O.

We doubt if anybody knows. We have endeavored to find out, but never had any success. If any one knows the name, we will be obliged if he will send it, and all other information necessary to enable us to ascertain its correctness.

Who Carried California?

"Did McKinley, who did not get all the electoral votes of California, carry the state?"—E. Y. S., Livermore, Cal.

Well, Bryan did not carry it, did he? It was carried by anybody, was it not carried by the man who got the most of the electors? And that man was McKinley.

Pension Money.

"Will you be kind enough to explain from what pensions are paid. I claim they are paid from some revenue; my opponent says not, but by taxing the people. Which is right?"—J. C. B., Springvale, Me.

There is no special revenue to meet pension payments. They are paid out of the money in the treasury, just like any other appropriation. The national government derives its revenues from two sources—customs, or duties paid on imported goods; and internal revenue taxes, paid on liquors, tobacco and oleomargerine. The former is something over half the revenue; the latter, a little less than half. The pension expenditures are a little less than the revenue from internal revenue taxes.

He Could Vote.

"Would a person be entitled to vote this Presidential lection supposing he was born November 4, 1875? If so, please explain why."—D. A. H., Suver, Ore.

Yes, he could vote, because election day, November 3, 1896, was the day on which he completed 21 years of life. November 4 he began on his 22d year. He was therefore entitled to vote. We are informed that such a case once came up for legal decision, and the court so ruled.

The Price of Cotton.

"Why is it that the election of Major McKinley does not raise the price of cotton, as it has always followed many idle mills and put into circulation many millions of dollars that would otherwise have been still hidden away? As I worked and voted for the election of McKinley, I will confess in that I have been a little over-confident. It seems to me that, with the good hope of the future for the American mills and the advantage Europe can take of the low tariff, cotton would go up."—W. H. C., Ridge, S. C.

Whatever benefit any producer of raw material—cotton, wheat, corn, etc.—will receive from the result of the election, must come from the increased ability of the people to buy of that product. The price of cotton depends primarily on supply and demand. If there is an over-supply, nothing can raise the price. And it is too early to look for very much as yet. McKinley will not be inaugurated for two months yet, and nothing can be done until the extra session of Congress meets, and passes a new tariff law. Prosperity will come slowly, as such changes always come. McKinley was elected early in November, 1892, and the panic consequent on his election did not come till near the end of June, 1893—about eight months. And prosperity comes more slowly than adversity, always.

"Old Christmas."

"Why is the twelfth day after Christmas called 'Old Christmas'?"—F. C. H., Sand, Hill, Ky.

Julius Caesar reformed the calendar in the year 46 B. C., and introduced an arrangement of having three years of 365 days each, and one leap year of 366 days. Its error consisted in giving each year 365¼ days, which is about 11 minutes too much. Pope Gregory XIII, perceiving the error, which in his time amounted to 10 days, by ordering October 5, 1582, to be called the 15th. He avoided any future trouble by ordering that all centurial years—those ending with two ciphers—should not be made leap years unless they are exactly divisible by 400. The Gregorian calendar is used by all Christian countries except Russia, which adheres to the Julian calendar, which is now 12 days out of place. "Old Christmas" is the day on which Christmas would have fallen if we had kept the Julian calendar.

Alloy of Silver Dollars.

"Will you please state what the alloy in the silver dollar is composed of, and the value per ounce; also what the mintage cost is?"—B. E. R., Marengo, Ill.

The alloy is our silver dollar is pure copper, and nothing else. It is worth about 14 cents per pound. There is no "mintage cost." The expenses of the mint are paid by the government, and there is no special figure on minting the silver dollar, as it is not coined on private account.

Two Biblical Rivers.

"What river is formed by the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris?"—F. J., West Beaver, O.

The river, from their junction to the Persian Gulf, is called the Shat el Arab.

Diphtheria.

"What is the best popular preventive and cure for diphtheria?"—S. D., Alanthus Grove, Mo.

There is but one, and it is not one that can be used except by a competent physician. It is antitoxin, which is injected under the skin. Consult your family physician always, and do not attempt to treat diphtheria yourself.

Miscellaneous.

R. T., Joppa, Ill.: Arizona has not been admitted as a state.

Subscriber, St. Joe, Tex.: The work you speak of is under charge of the Treasury department at Washington.

C. L. H., Glenwood, Fla.: We have handed your question to the editor of the Farmstead, to whom such queries should be addressed.

J. C. M., Middlesex, N. Y.: We do not know what states require a burial permit to be taken out. The only way to find out is to write to some one in every state and inquire.

G. S. P., Abingdon, Ill.: As we understand it, the War department uses its own pleasure in detailing an officer to drill cadets at a military school. The law permits it to be done, but leaves it to that department as to what schools shall have an officer detailed.

T. N. B., Abingdon, Ill.: The reason the price of silver has fallen so much in the past 25 years is because far more has been produced than ever before. The act of 1873 had nothing to do with the fall in price. Gold and silver cannot be kept at parity by law, any more than a law can keep the price of corn and wheat at a parity.

W. P. K., Nasbie, Va.: There is but one theory of sound, and it is well understood and proved true—that the sounding body sets the air into vibration, which vibrations are conveyed to the ear by the air. The other "theory" you mention is too ridiculous to discuss. It never was accepted by anybody.

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

A most interesting volume is one entitled Undercurrents of the Second Empire, by Albert D. Vandam, the author of An Englishman in Paris. It is made up of notes and recollections given in a bright, chatty way that makes most pleasant reading. It begins with the story of the extreme devotion of French soldiers to the memory of Napoleon, which he illustrates with many anecdotes gathered from time to time, and which speak louder than any argument. This leads up to the Restoration of the Empire, which includes the games played by the leading diplomatists of the day, such as Lamartine, Thiers, Victor Hugo and others. Then the new emperor's real friends are described: his love-making and marriage; the real reason of the French support of England during the Crimean war; the wonderful transformation of Paris under Louis Napoleon; the great war and what came out of it, and many other things. It is a volume replete with interest for the lover of history. It is published in large, clear type, which of itself is a great attraction. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, are the publishers.

A charming volume for the Christmas time for those artistically inclined is one entitled Legends of the Virgin and Christ, by H. A. Guerber, the author of Myths of Greece and Rome, etc. These legends are those collected from a picturesque point of view, and many of them are those upon which some of the most famous paintings of Mother and Child are based. They have been woven into poetry and song; and for many years formed part of all dramatic representations. This volume, the aim of which, the author says, is not to give a list of noted pictures, but to place before the reader the legends that gave rise to them, is well illustrated by engravings of some of the most noted. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, are the publishers. Price, $1.50.

In the Story of the Nations Series comes that of Canada, told by J. G. Bourinot, a prominent public man in the Dominion and the author of several works upon the constitution and history of Canada. He has made, he says, a brief review of the events which have exercised the most influence on the national development from the days when bold French adventurers made their first attempts to settle upon the picturesque heights of Quebec down to the establishment of a confederation that extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Many of the dramatic episodes under the French regime are well described, and also the influence upon the conditions of the people of the English government. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, are the publishers. Price, $1.50.

A book which should command more than passing attention is one entitled The Relation of Literature to Life. It is a collection of essays by Charles Dudley Warner, the first one of which gives the name to the volume. Most of the papers have already appeared in the Atlantic Monthly and Century Magazines, but they have in no sense lost their flavor by this concrete appearance. In the second chapter, Simplicity, the author deals with the theorem "That if literature is to endure, it must be that born of it which will appeal to the heart." In Equality he points out the evils which have followed the common error of regarding the word as a synonym for "uniformity." In What is Your Culture to Me? he examines the death in life of knowledge, fit to be not used and the duty of the American scholar to his country. In Modern Fiction, Mr. Warner talks of the books we all read. Thoughts Suggested by Mr. Froude's Progress is a reply to a pessimistic wail. In England among the most interesting passages are the race, the influence of English criticism on Americans, English political parties, and England and the United States. The Novel and the Common Schools deals with the education of children in appreciation of literature. The last essay describes a night in the garden of the Tuileries. Harper & Brothers, New York City. Price, $1.50.

A Virginia Cavalier, by Mollie Elliot Sewell, is a story treating of the boyhood and youth of George Washington, and opens with a visit by Lord Fairfax to Mrs. Washington at her house at Ferry Farm. Here the nobleman meets the young "Virginia Cavalier," and becomes so attached to him that he invites him to a visit on his own estates. There George enjoys many advantages from the earl's society and library, reads many books and receives military instruction from an old soldier in Lord Fairfax's employ. During his stay at Greenwood Come the house party, the visit to Indians, and the lad gets his first taste of actual fighting. The tale then carries George Washington through that period when he received a warrant as midshipman on board H. M. S. Bellona, and of his break up at his mother's earnest pleading, to the time he worked as a surveyor, and finally to those days when, as Major Washington, he entered upon his first campaign against the Indians. The closing chapter gives a stirring account of Braddock's defeat. Harper & Bros., New York city. Price, $1.50.

In the series Questions of the Day comes Municipal Reform in the United States, by Thomas C. Develin. The author says in his preface that the science of municipal government in this country is crude, thereby uttering a truth which should force itself into the consciousness of every citizen, for, as a result, our methods are expensive and our government is inefficient. The author discusses, among others, the following subjects: Reform Efforts; American Conditions; Elections; Municipal and State Politics; Civil Service Reform; Police; Cost of City Government; Powers and Duties of Officers, and The Official, The Press, and The People. The author has evidently given the matter careful consideration, and the book should be widely read. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Frances Waldeaux, by Rebecca Harding Davis, is a well-told story by a popular author. It opens with the departure of a trans-Atlantic liner. Among the passengers is Frances Waldeaux, a widow, middle-aged, artistic-cynic, with an unbroken, dainty finery, questionable manner, and a shady past. There is a hasty and ill-considered marriage in London, followed by separation and estrangement of mother and son. Wounded mother-love and the knowledge that the marriage is her son's ruin breed a disordered imagination that leads eventually to the tragic crisis of the story, an attempted murder. The crime is fortunately averted. Lisa dies, leaving her child to Frances Waldeaux's care. Back in America, George develops from an indolent art student and a literary failure into a prosaic but successful stock-broker. The story ends happily. Harper & Bros., New York city. Price $1.25.

A Princetonian, by James Barnes, class of '91, author of For King or Country, Midshipman Farragut, etc., is a delightful story, charmingly written, dealing with a time that is recent. The Princeton spirit is inspiringly felt throughout the volume. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 W. 23d street, New York.

Half-Hours of Travel at Home and Abroad, selected and arranged by Charles Morris, appears in four handsome dark-blue volumes, the respective titles of which are, America; Europe; Asia; Africa, and Australia. The compiler has endeavored to tell the story of the world, alike of its familiar and unfamiliar portions as displayed in the narratives of those who have seen its every part, and particularly of those travelers who first gazed upon the wonders and observed the inhabitants of previously unknown lands and whose descriptions are therefore those of discoverers. In these volumes the reader may pass many a pleasant half-hour in the broad domain of travel and adventure. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

A Puritan's Wife by Max Pemberton, is a very clever, well-written and entertaining historical novel. The general outline of this charming tale may be gained from the following quaint notice dealth the title: "Being the story of Hugh Peters, the nephew of that Hugh Peters who was chaplain to the Lord-General, Cromwell. On which account and by reason of what he did after the great Battle of Worcester, many perils befell him, as are hereinafter set out; together with the History of Lady Marjory, the daughter of John, Earl of Quinton in so far as her story is his own." Published by Dodd, Mead & Company.

Noble Blood is a Prussian cadet story, translated from the German of Ernst Von Wildenbruch of the German Army, by Capt. Charles King and Anne Williston Ward. There is much pathos in its pages, and it cannot fail to appeal to the soldier. Following the first story is one by Captain King entitled A West Point Parallel, it being an American cadet story with conditions similar to those in the German narrative. Both are full of interest. F. Tennyson Neely, New York, is the publisher.

Joint-Metallism, by Anson Phelps Stokes, belongs to the Questions of the Day series. This is a fifth edition including parts 2, 3, 4 and 5. It is a plan by which gold and silver together, at ratios always based on their relative market values, may be made the metallic basis of a sound, honest, self-regulating, and permanent currency, without frequent recoinings, and without danger of one metal driving out the other. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Early Settlers of Nantucket, Their Associates and Descendants, is compiled by Lydia S. Hinchman and contains brief sketches of the following worthies: Thos. Macy, Edward Starbuck, Tristam Coffin and his children, Christopher Hussey, Stephen Greenleaf, Peter Folger, Thomas Pearce, William Coffier, Thomas Gardiner, Richard and John Gardner, Samuel Shattuck, Peter Robert, Thomas Mayhew, sr., and Thomas Mayhew, jr., together with some genealogical detail of the following families: Mitchell, Russell, Barker, Swain, family of Lucretia Mott, of Thomas Earle and John Milton Earle, Swift, Rotch, Bunker, Coggeshall, Hathaway, Buffum and Stanton. The J. B. Lippincott Company, 715, 717 Market street, Philadelphia.

In My Lady's Name: Poems of Love and Beauty, is a dainty little volume compiled and arranged by Charles Wells Moulton. The novel element in this book is that the poems are arranged in alphabetical order by their titles which are all the names of women. The reader is amazed at the many names from Ada to Zara which the poets have given their names.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West Twenty-third street, New York.

"99 Woolf's" from Truth is a collection of Mr. Woolf's delightful humorous and pathetic sketches. The charm and individuality of his work have so endeared him to the American public that many are anxious to have his sketches in compact form, so that they may add them to the other treasures of their libraries. This opportunity is now offered them. Truth company, 203 Broadway, New York.

A Professional Lover, by Gyp, author of Bijou's Courtships, Chiffon's Marriage, is translated by Mrs. Edward Lees Coffey. It is a story told in dialogue, bright, witty, and with a strong vein of cynicism. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, 114 Fifth avenue, New York.

The Phantom of the River, by Edward S. Ellis, is the second volume in the Boone and Kenton Series for youthful readers. The famous pioneer rangers, Simon Kenton and Daniel Boone, are the chief characters used in this story, which has many thrilling situations and adventures with wild animals and Indians. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

The last addition to Appleton's Town and Country Library is a novel by Victor Cherbuliez entitled With Fortune Made. The story is very cleverly told, but is not pleasant, dealing with a crabbed millionaire and a host of relatives seeking to ingratiate themselves into his favor. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In two exceedingly dainty volumes for the holidays appear Feudal and Modern Japan, by Miss May Knapp. The type is excellent, the narrative rebete with incident, the style delightful and the pictures exquisite. The leading chapters are The Written Laws; Feudal Land Houses; The Nation's Unity; Yamato Damashii; A Patriotic Cult. Published by Joseph Knight, of Boston.

Friendly Talks about Marriage, by G. W. Shinn, is the title of a well-written book, containing four papers: Is the Novelist Always a Safe Teacher? Are There Any Impediments to Ample Marriage? What Vows Are Taken in Marriage? How Vows Are Broken and How They Are Kept. The Joseph Knight Co. Boston.

New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.—Free to Our Readers.

Our readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disordered action of the Kidneys or urinary organs. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is for malaria. Rev. W. A. Moore, D. D., of Washington, testifies in the New York Christian Witness that Alkavis completely cured him of Kidney and bladder disease of many years' standing. Many ladies also testify to its curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. So far the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 418 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove the value of Alkavis as a home introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of The Blade who is a sufferer from any form of Kidney or Urinary disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Grave, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

MAKING CHANGE IN CIRCLE CITY.

Standard Money is So Scarce It is a Curiosity.

The people of Circle City are not bothering their heads about coinage measures. Very little money is in circulation, but under the circumstances they feel no inconvenience from its scarcity, and the gold scales to them are as good as the stamp in the mint, says the Chicago Record.

As a sample of business transaction, a woman came into a store and bought a scant armful of groceries. The bill, I think, was $3. She dropped on the counter a buckskin bag that looked as if it contained a pound or two of dust, and the clerk took it and shook a little pile out onto the tray of the scales until the balance turned. Then he handed the bag back to her and emptied the tray into another bag containing something like a pint of dust that was lying on the basement shelf. The transaction consumed about as much time as it would require to take $1.87 out of a $5 bill, provided the clerk didn't have to go out to some other store to get the change.

I think the coin known as "two bits" has a certain standing in the town as a measure of certain value, but I have never seen it in practical use. A half dollar goes in some instances.

New Year's Decoration in Japan.

Simple and characteristic outdoor decorations make a Japanese city or village beautiful at the New Year season. One of the most common is the straw rope. A rope with many wisps of straw and strips of white paper hanging therefrom, and other objects, such as seaweeds, ferns, a lemon (orange?), a red lobster shell, dried persimmons, charcoal and dried sardines attached thereto, will be stretched either between the pine trees or above the doorway. Each of the articles just mentioned represents an idea—pine, bamboo, seaweeds and ferns, being evergreens, are emblems of constancy; the straw fringes, according to a legend often related, are supposed to exclude evil agencies; "the lobster by its bent form is indicative of long life;" the lemon (or orange?) is called daidai, which word may also mean "generation (after) generation;" "the dried persimmons are sweets long and well preserved; the sardines, from their always swimming in a swarm, denote the wish for a large family," and the charcoal is "an imperishable substance."

Not Yet.

Marie—"I suppose that your friend the count has become greatly attached here in New York during his stay."

Nimms—"No, he hasn't been as yet, although all his trunks have, his landlord tells me."—New York Evening Journal.

Thos. Slater has a message for every man on page 3. Don't fail to read it.

The Strength of Nature.

According to the ancient mythology, when Hercules wrestled with Antæus, every time he was thrown he jumped up again stronger than ever, gaining fresh power from every contact with the earth. Hercules conquered him at last only by holding him in the air away from the source of his strength, until he grew weaker and weaker and finally became exhausted.

Antæus is a perfect symbol of mankind. Nature is the real source of health and vigor. The closer we keep to Nature's laws the stronger and healthier we grow. When we get away from them we are sure to be overcome by weakness and disease.

When sickness gets hold of a man the only remedy to really cure him must be a natural remedy. It must work according to natural laws and bring him right in touch with Nature. Any unnatural stimulus or mere temporary "appetizer" does no permanent good to a person who is debilitated and "run-down."

In these conditions the most perfect, natural strength-builder is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the natural nutritive processes, and creates solid, permanent strength and vital force in the same way that Nature creates them.

It capacitates the stomach and liver to vitalize the circulation and feed the nerve-centres with pure, healthy blood. This is exactly Nature's way of curing nervous exhaustion, debility, insomnia, and neuralgia.

During the past 30 years, Dr. Pierce's medicines have become recognized standard remedies throughout the world. His "Pleasant Pellets" are a perfect and permanent cure for constipation.

Sister Eliza L. de Falcon, of Corpus Christi, Nueces Co., Texas, writes: "This is to tell you that I have been ill for twenty-one years and was finally cured by your medicines 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription.' I was completely cured after taking the medicine."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Some of the Odd Observances in the Good Old Days.

The Persians celebrated the beginning of the year by exchanging presents of eggs. The ancient Druids distributed as New Year's gifts among the early Britons branches of mistletoe cut with peculiarly solemn ceremonies. The early Saxons observed the festival of New Year's with feasts and gifts. Among the ancient Romans the "strenae," or New Year's presents already alluded to, were not only exchanged between relatives and friends but were exacted from their subjects. Under the Caesars these New Year's gifts became such a source of profit to the soverign and so onerous a burden to the people that Claudius limited their cost by a decree.

Henry III., of England, followed the Roman precedent in extorting New Year's gifts from his subjects, the practice being revivied in the reign of Henry VI. and continued till the reign of Charles I. But it was during Queen Elizabeth's reign that this custom of presenting New Year's gifts to the sovereign attained its greatest and most extravagant height. These presents were made by every one in any way associated with the Virgin Queen, from the great officers of state down to Her Majesty's dustman, and included sums of money, ornaments for the queen's person or apartments, caskets studded with precious stones, necklaces, bracelets, gowns, mantles, petticoats, fans, mirrors, silk stockings, and a great variety of other articles. Howell states in his "History of the World" that "Queen Elizabeth, in 1561, was presented with a pair of black silk knit stockings by her silk woman, Mrs. Montague, and thenceforth she never wore cloth hose any more." The queen's wardrobe is said to have been almost wholly supplied by these New Year's gifts, in return for which she made presents of gold and silver plate.

The custom of giving New Year's presents to English sovereigns ceased with the establishment of the Commonwealth in the days of Oliver Cromwell and has never since been revived.

All ladies know what pin money is, but it may be interesting to them to know that it is directly connected with New Year's Day. Until the beginning of the sixteenth century the only pins used by the poorer classes were made of wood; in fact, they were not pins at all, but skewers, which, for the use of the wealthy, were of boxwood, bone and silver. At the period above named the metal pins now in use were invented, and people of fashion were eager to possess them. They at once became the most popular and acceptable New Year's gift for ladies, but it soon grew customary to give, instead of the pins themselves, the money with which to purchase them, and this was called "pin money," a term which gradually came to be applied to all money given to ladies for the general purposes of dress and personal adornment.

It became customary to have a bowl of wassail at every New Year's feast and for the master of the house to take a long draught and then to pass it to the guest sitting at his right, who also drank from the vessel and passed it to his next neighbor, this being continued until the wassail bowl had gone the table round and every one present had quaffed of its contents. This custom continued in England all through the Middle Ages, and even centuries afterward, as did also that of young women going about in the streets with wassail bowls and offering a drink to passers by, who were expected to reward the fair Hebes for their hospitality with a liberal supply of Christmas spending money.

That rare old gossip, Mr. Pepys, tells us in his diary how, on New Year's Day, 1661, he was offered the wassail bowl by one of these damsels who sang for him "very sweetly," it being often customary for these wassail lassies to sing appropriate songs while the wassail was being quaffed. The wassail bowls which these girls carried were often prettily adorned with ribbons and garlands. Wharton, the antiquary, says that the wassail bowl was seldom if ever with the gossip Mab mentioned by Shakespeare in his "Midsummer Night's Dream."

A once highly popular New Year's custom in various parts of our own country, but one which is annually falling more and more into disuse, except in remote rural districts, is that of young men and women, often disguised by grotesque costumes and masks, going about from house to house on New Year's eve, firing off guns, blowing horns, singing and partaking of any good cheer that may be offered them.

Among many other old superstitions associated with New Year's is a belief that if a lamp or candle be taken out of a house on that day some member of the family will die within a twelvemonth, while to throw out dirty water, ashes, or anything whatever, no matter how worthless, is regarded as certain to bring ill luck during the whole of that year. If the first visitor to a dwelling on New Year's day be a male and he is admitted, misfortune and misery are said to be sure to follow that household for the next twelve months, while it is also thought to bode serious evil to a lady if her first New Year's caller be a dark complexioned, dark haired man instead of one whose hair and skin are fair.

It is said in Scotland that those who desire to learn what fate or fortune the new year has in store for them may do so by consulting the Bible on New Year's morning before breakfast. The sacred book must be laid upon a table, and those who wish to consult it must open it at random and place a finger upon one or other of the chapters at which it is opened. This chapter is read and is believed to describe in some way the happiness or misery during the ensuing year of the person making the trial.—Geoffrey Williston Christine.

—Every minute counts in critical cases of Croup. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant in large doses will soon effect a cure.

If bilious, take Jayne's Painless Sanative Pills.

PIANOS CATCH COLD.

They Need Much the Same Care That People Do.

Half the pianos of this country catch winter colds exactly as we do. They get hoarse, or have a cough, or a stiff note, or some familiar complaint which cannot be cured by home remedies, but which requires tedious and expensive doctoring.

In order to prevent these avoidable ailments a piano should be kept in a moderately warm room, where the temperature is even, say 60 or 70 degrees, the year round—not cold one day and hot the next. The instrument should not, however, be too near the source of heat. It should be kept closed and covered with a felt cloth when not in use, particularly in frosty weather.

Always place the piano against an inside wall and a little out from it.—Answers.

The Only Chance.

There are some patriots, ill behaved—
It is a gloomy thing to scan 'em—
Who vow the country can't be saved
Unless they're paid so much per annum.
—Washington Star.

FREE CURE FOR MEN

A MICHIGAN MAN OFFERS TO SEND HIS DISCOVERY FREE.

Claims to Be a Benefactor to Weakened Mankind.

There is always more or less suspicion attached to anything that is offered free, but sometimes a man so overflows with generosity that he cannot rest until his discovery is known to the world, in order that his fellow men may profit by what he has discovered. It is upon this principle that a resident of Kalamazoo, Mich., desires to send free to mankind a prescription which will cure them of any form of nervous debility; relieves them of all the doubt and uncertainty which such men are peculiarly liable to and restores the organs to natural size and vigor. As it costs nothing to try the experiment it would seem that any man, suffering with the nervous troubles that usually attack men who never stopped to realize what might be the final result, ought to be deeply interested in a remedy which will restore them to health, strength and vigor, without which they continue to live an existence of untold misery. As the remedy in question was the result of many years' research as to what combination would be peculiarly effective in restoring to man the strength they need, it would seem that all men suffering with any form of nervous weakness ought to write for them at once. A REQUEST TO H. C. OLDS, Box 3708 KALAMAZOO, MICH., STATING THAT YOU ARE NOT SENDING FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OUT OF IDLE CURIOSITY, BUT THAT YOU WISH TO MAKE USE OF THE REMEDIES BY GIVING IT A TRIAL, will be answered promptly and without evidence as to whom information came from.

The prescription is sent free, and although some may believe Mr. Olds to be selfish to give away his discovery, there is no doubt about the offer being genuine. Our readers cut and send to Mr. Olds at once as he may know how you came to learn this.

IAN MACLAREN,
ONE OF THE EMINENT CONTRIBUTORS FOR '97.

Established 1827. Comes Every Week.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

The Companion of the Whole Family.

Celebrating in 1897 its seventy-first birthday, The Companion offers its readers many exceptionally brilliant features. The two hemispheres have been explored in search of attractive matter.

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Talmage's Sermon.

WAR HORSES.

They Will Laugh When the Battle is Won.

Washington, Dec. 28.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage in behalf of a sudden movement to capture the world for righteousness, strikes a chord that will vibrate through Christendom. The text is II. Kings xviii. 23: "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses, if thou be able on thy part to set riders upon them."

Up by the waterworks, the upper reservoir of Jerusalem, the general of the besieging army and the generals of besieged Jerusalem are in consultation. Though Gen. Rab-shakeh had been twice paid to stop the siege, he kept the money and continued the siege—the military miscreant! Rab-shakeh derides the capacity of the city to defend itself, and practically says: "You have not 2,000 men who can manage horses. Produce 2,000 cavalrymen and I will give you a present of 2,000 cavalry horses. You have not in all your besieged city of Jerusalem 2,000 men who can mount them, and by bit and bridle control a horse." Rab-shakeh realized that it is easier to find horses than skillful riders, and he makes the challenge of the text. "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Rab-shakeh, like many another bad man, said a very suggestive thing. The world is full of great energies and great opportunities, but few know how to bridle them and mount them and manage them. More spirited horses than competent riders! The fact is that in the church of God we have plenty of fortresses well manned, and plenty of heavy artillery, and plenty of solid columns of brave, Christian soldiery, but what we most need is cavalry—mounted troops of God—for sudden charges that seems almost desperate.

If New York, if London, if Paris are ever taken for God, it will not be by slow bombardment of argumentation, or by regular mulimbering of great theological guns from the portholes of the churches, but by gallop of sudden assault and rush of holy energy that will astound and throw into panic the long lines of drilled opposition, armed to the teeth. Nothing so scares the forces of sin as a revival that comes, they know not whence, to do that which they know not understand. They will be overcome by flank movement. The church of God must double up their right or left wing. If they expect us from the north we will take them from the south. If they expect us at 12 o'clock at noon we will come upon them at 12 o'clock at night. The opportunities for this assault are great and numerous, but where are the men? "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The opportunities of saving America and saving the entire planet were never so many, never so urgent, never so tremendous as now. Have you not noticed the willingness of the printing press of the country to give the subject of evangelism full swing in column after column? Such work was formerly confined to tract distribution and religious journalism. Now the morning and evening newspapers, by hundreds and thousands of copies, print all religious intelligence and print most awakening discourses. Never since the world has known such a force been offered to all engaged in the world's evangelization. Of the more than fifteen thousand newspapers on this continent, I do not know one that is not alert to catch and distribute all matters of religious information.

Oh, now I see a mighty suggestiveness in the fact that the first book of any importance that was ever published, after Johann Gutenberg invented the art of printing was the Bible. Well might that poor man toil on, polishing glasses and manufacturing looking glasses, and making experiments that brought upon him the charge of insanity, and borrowing money, now from Martin Brether and now from Johann Faust, until he set on foot the mightiest power for the evangelization of the world. The statue in bronze which Thorwaldsen erected for Gutenberg in 1837, and the statue commemorating him by David D'Angers in 1840, and unveiled amid all the pomp that military processions and German bands of best music could give the occasion, were insignificant compared with the fact, to be demonstrated before all earth and heaven, that Johann Gutenberg, under God, inaugurated forces which will accomplish the world's redemption. The newspaper press will yet announce nations born in a day. The newspaper press will report Christ's sermons yet to be delivered, and describe his personal appearance, if, as some think, he shall come again to reign on earth. The newspaper press may yet publish Christ's proclamation of the world's emancipation from sin and sorrow and death. Tens of thousands of good men in this and other lands have been ordained to the preaching on of hands to preach the gospel, but it seems to me that just now, by the laying on of the hands of the Lord God Almighty the newspaper presses are being ordained for preaching the gospel with wider sweep and mightier resound than we have ever yet imagined. The iron horses of the printing press are all ready for the battle, but where are the men good enough and strong enough to mount them and guide them? "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses if thou be able to set riders upon them."

Go to the soldiers' home and talk with the men who have been in the wars, and they will give you right appreciation of what is the importance of the cavalry service in battle. You hear the clatter of hoofs and the whirr of the arrows and the clash of the shields and the bang of the carbines as they ride up and down the centuries. Clear back in time, Osymandyas led twenty thousand mounted troops in Bactriana. Josephus says that when the Israelites escaped from Egypt, fifty thousand cavalrymen rode through the parted Red Sea. Three hundred and seventy-one years before Christ, Epaminondas headed his troops at full gallop. Alexander on a horse that no other man could ride, led his mounted troops. Seven thousand horsemen decided the struggle at Arbela. Although saddles were not invented until the time of Constantine, and stirrups were unknown until about four hundred and fifty years after Christ, you hear the neighing and snorting of war chargers in the great battles of Hydaspes, Austerlitz and Marengo, and Solferino were decided by the cavalry. The mounted Cossacks reinforced the Russian snow storms in the obliteration of the French army.

Napoleon said if he had only had sufficient cavalry at Bautzen and Lutzen his wars would have triumphantly ended. I do not wonder that the Duke of Wellington had his old war horse, Copenhagen, turned out in best pasture and that the Duchess of Wellington wore a bracelet of Copenhangen's hair. Not one drop of my blood but tingles as I look at the arched neck and pawing hoof and panting nostril of Job's cavalry horse: "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley; he goeth on to meet the armed men. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and shield. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

I think it is the cavalry of the Christian host, the grand men and women who, with bold dash and holy recklessness and spurred-on energies, are to take the world for God. To this army of Christian service belong the evangelists. It ought to be the business of the regular churches to multiply them, to clear the way for them. Some of them you like, some of them you do not like. You say some are too sensational, and some of them are too much learned, and some of them are erratic, and some of them are too vehement, and some of them pray too loud. Oh, fold up your criticism and let them do that which we, the pastors, can never do.

I like all the evangelists I have ever seen or heard. They are busy now; they are busy every day of the week. While, we, the pastors, serve God by holding the fortress of Christiousness and drilling the Christian soldiery, marshaling the anthems and sermons and ordinances on the right side, they are out fighting the forces of darkness "hip and thigh, with great slaughter." All success to them! The faster they gallop, the better I like it. The keener the lances they fling the more I admire them. We care not what conventionality they infract if they only gain the victory. Moody, and Chapman, and Mills, and Jones, and Harrison, and Munhall, and Major Cole, and Crittenden, and a hundred others are now making the cavalry charge, and they are this moment taking New York and Philadelphia and Cincinnati for God, and I wish they might take our nation's capital. Hear the tremendous facts: There are now in this country nearly one hundred and sixty-six thousand church congregations, with nearly twenty-one million communicants and seating capacity in church for more than forty-three million people; in other words, room in the churches for three-fourths of the population of this country, and about one-third of the population of this country already Christian.

In other words, we have only to average bringing two souls to God during the next three years, and our country is redeemed. Who can not, under the power of the Holy Ghost, bring two souls to God in three years? As so many will bring hundreds and thousands to God most of you have to bring only one soul to God, and the gospel campaign for this continent will be ended. If you cannot bring one soul to God, or two souls, or three souls, in three years, you are no Christian, and deserve yourself to be shut out of heaven. The religious pessimists of this country are all the time depicting the obstacles as so great and our forces as so small, that we half of the time feel that we are attempting an impossibility, but shut out your prayers and preaching some of your stuffing of groans and put in something of acclamation and triumph, and the United States will be gospelized, and the United States be gospelized, and God America will be gospelized, and America gospelized, we will take Asia from the Pacific beach and Europe from the Atlantic beach, and not far from now the lost star will be lit and the last name among the constellations that never fell. Let the more than twenty-one million communicants, as they lift the sacramental cup to their lips, take oath that they will not rest until the other twenty millions are saved. The opportunities are all saddled and bridled. Where are the men and women to guide them? "I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

What two men can do for good or evil is impressed upon me by the fact that two Scotchmen, going to California, each took something that would remind him of his native country. The one took a little, the national shrub of Scotland. The other took a hive of bees. Years went by and the work of the two Scotchmen is widely seen. The curse of the Pacific slope is the thistle, and the blessing of the Pacific slope is the honey found everywhere in woods and fields. In your life are you responsible for honey or thistles, and if one man can do so much good, and another so much evil, how much could be done for the ransom of this country by twenty-one million people all consecrated?

Get out of the way with your dolorous foreboding, and change your dirges for what we have not done for the Grand March of what we may do and will do. The women at Sedan, in whose house Napoleon the Last was waiting to make surrender of himself and his army, said to the overthrown French Emperor, "What can I do for you?" And the broken-hearted ex-monarch replied, "Nothing but draw down the blind so that I cannot be started at." In this gospel campaign we have plenty to draw down the blinds. In God's name I say, pull up the blinds, and let the morning sun of the coming victory shine upon us. What we want in this campaign for God is the self-abnegation and courage of the men of Sir Colin Campbell, who, as Lord Bishop Cowle, of New Zealand, once chaplain of his army, told me, said to the troops: "Men, no retreat from this place. Die right here." And they shouted: "Yes, Sir Colin, we will do it." And they did.

Temporary defeats ought not to dishearten. What is Bunker Hill monument? Monument of defeat. But from that bloody mount American independence started for its grandest achievements, and all the defeats of the cause of God are incipient victory.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die.
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.

And now, standing as I do, in this national capital, let me say that what we want in the Senate and House of Representatives and the Supreme court is a pentecostal blessing that will shake the continent with divine mercy. There recently came into my hands the records of two Congressional prayer meetings, on the rolls of which were the names of the most eminent Senators and Representatives who then controlled the destinies of this republic—the one Congressional prayer meeting in 1857, and the other in 1866. The record is in the hand writing of the philanthropist, William E. Dodge, then a member of Congress. There are now more Christian men in the national legislature than ever before. Why will they not band together in a religious movement which before the inauguration of the next President shall enthrone Christ in the hearts of this nation? They have the brain, they have the eloquence, they have the influence. God grant them the grace sufficient! Who in Congressional circles will establish the Capitoline prayer meeting in 1897? Let the evening of the last decade of this century be irradiated with such a religious splendor. There are the opportunities for a national and international charge, all bridled and saddled. Where are the riders to mount them?

Here also are opportunities all ready for those who would enter the kingdom of God. Christ said that the kingdom of heaven was to be taken by violence. By one flash you may enter. Quicker than any equestrian ever dashed through castle gate you may pass into the pardon and hope of the gospel. As quickly as you can think "Yes" or "No," as quickly as you can make a choice, so quickly may you decide the question of eternal destiny. No one was ever slowly converted. He may have been thinking about it 40 years, but not one inch of progress did he make until the moment of assent, the very second in which he said, "I will." That instant decided all. Bring out the worst 2,000 men on earth, and here are 2,000 opportunities of immediate and eternal salvation. "I will deliver thee 2,000 horses, if thou be able to set riders upon them."

The cavalry suggests speed. When once the reins are gathered into the hands of the soldierly horsman, and the spurs are struck into the flanks, you hear the "clapian of the hoofs. "Velocity" is the word that describes the movement—acceleration, momentum—and what we want in getting into the kingdom of God is celerity. You see the years are so swift, and the weeks are so swift, and the hours are so swift, and the minutes are so swift, we need to be swift! For lack of this appropriate speed many do not get into heaven at all. Here we are in the last Sabbath of the year. Did you ever know a twelvemonth quicker to be gone? The golden rod of one autumn speaks to the golden rod of the next autumn, and the crocus of one spring time to the crocus of another spring time, and the snowbanks of adjoining years almost reach each other in unbroken curve. We are in too much hurry about most things. Business men in too much hurry rush into speculations that ruin them and ruin others. People move from place to place in too great haste, and they wear out their nerves, and weaken their heart's action. But the only thing in which they are afraid of being too hasty is the matter of the soul's salvation. Yet did any one ever get damaged by too quick repentance or too quick pardon, or too quick emancipation? The Bible recommends tardiness, deliberation, and snail-like movement in some things, as when it enjoins us to be slow to speak, and slow to wrath, and slow to do evil, but it tells us, "The King's business requireth haste," and that our days are as the flight of a weaver's shuttle, and ejaculates, "Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee; neither stay thou in all the plain." Other cavalry troops may fall back, but mounted years never retreat. They are always going ahead, not on an easy canter, but at a full run. Other regiments hear the command of "Halt!" and pitch their tents for the night. The regiments of the years never hear the command of "Halt!" and never pitch tent for the night.

The century leads on its troop of a hundred years, and the year leads on its troop of three hundred and sixty-five days, and the day leads on its troop of twenty-four hours, and the hour leads on its troop of sixty minutes, and all are dashing out of sight. Perhaps there are two years in which we are most interested—our first and our last. Held up in our mother's arms, we watched the flight of the first. With wondering eyes we all watch the coming of the last.

The name of that advancing year we can not call. It may be in the nineties of this century, it may be in the tens or twenties or thirties of the next century, but it is coming at full gallop. With what mood will we meet it? In jocosity, as did Thomas Hood, in his last moment saying, "I am dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wishes to earn a lively Hood.' Or in fear, as did Thomas Paine, saying in his last moment, "Oh, how I dread this mysterious leap in the dark." Or in boastfulness, as did Vespasian, saying in his last moment, "Ah! Methinks I am becoming a god." Or in frivolity, as did Demonax, the infidel philosopher, saying in his last moment, "You may go home, the show is over." Or conscience-stricken, as did Charles IX., of France, saying in his last moment, "Ourse! Ourse! What murder! What blood!" Or shall we meet it in gladness of Christian hope, like that of Julius Charles Hare, who said in his last moment, "Upwards! Upwards!" Or like that of Richard Baxter, in his last moment saying, "Almost well." Or like that of Martin of Tours, saying in his last moment, "I go to Abraham's bosom." Or like that of polished Addison, who said in his last moment, "See with what ease a Christian can die." Or like that of George Whitefield, who felt that he had said all that he could of Christ, declaring in his last moment, "I shall die silent." Or like that of Mrs. Schimmelpenich, who said in her last moment, "Do you not hear the voices? And the children's are the loudest." Or like that of Dragonnatti, saying in his last moment, "Stand aside! I see my father and my mother coming to kiss me." Or as did the dying girl, who, having a few evenings before sat on a bench in a London mission, was seen to have tears of contrition rolling down her cheek, and who, departing from the room, had put in her hand by a Christian woman a Bible, with the passage marked, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Though having promised to be at the next meeting, she did not come. The Christian woman who gave her the Bible was visiting the hospital, and the nurse said to her, "I wish you had been here a little while ago. We had a young woman who had been run over by a wagon. Poor thing! She was fearfully crushed, and died almost at once. She had a Bible in her hand, with your name in it, and she said when she was brought in, 'Thank God! I found Christ as my Saviour last night. The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Oh, my friends, if all right for the next world, the years cannot gallop past too rapidly. If it were possible for the centuries to take the speed of the years and the years the speed of the days, and the days the speed of the hours, they could do us no harm. The shorter our life, the longer our heaven. The sooner we get out of the perils of this life, if our work be done, the better. No man is safe till he is dead. Better men than we have been wrecked, and at all ages. Lord and Lady Napier were on horseback on a road in India. Lord Napier suddenly said to Lady Napier, "Ride on," and then assistants did not ask why." She sped on and was soon out of sight. The fact was a tiger's eyes glared on them from the thicket, and he did not dare to tell her, lest, affrighted, she fall into the danger and perhaps lose her life. From all sides of us, on this road of life, there are perils glaring on us, from tigers of temptation, and tigers of accident, and tigers of death, and the sooner we get out of the perils of this life the better. Let 1897 take the place of 1896, and 1898 the place of 1897, and our souls will be landed where there shall be "nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount." "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon,. It shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Oh, will it not be grand when from the windows and doors of the "House of Many Mansions" we catch the out and see passing along the golden boulevards of heaven the white horse cavalry that St. John describes in Revelation? John Wesley said he thought horses had souls, but take the story of the Revelation as figurative or literal you must admit that none but cavalry horses are mentioned as being in heaven. John xvix. 14. "The armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses." You see they are mounted troops. Their leader is in deep crimson attire. His vesture, we are told, is "dipped in blood," not blood of human slaughter, as many other conquerors have worn attire, but his own blood, blood of crucifixion agony, the blood by which he redeemed you and me. That deep red of garment is in vivid contrast with the snowy white charger on which our Lord is seated. And no saved sinner can gaze on that red and that white without remembering that though his sins were once red like crimson, they have become whiter than snow. Oh, these celestial cavalcades! Our Commander in scarlet shall lead on through the streets of heaven! Wide streets, hundreds of mounted troops abreast, long streets, thousands in sight followed by coming thousands through the long day of heaven which hath not setting sun. Mind you, only the cavalry are in that shining procession, those who did work outside the forts, those who dared all things for God, those who had in them of the spirit of holy dash. We could not work may look at the procession but will not be a part of it.

There they pass! The equestrians, and equestriennes of heaven, regiments of evangelist, of martyrs, of distributors of street preachers, of salvation armies, of once half-starved home missionaries on the frontiers of those who did inconspicuous service for Christ, and never had their names in the newspapers but once, and that in the notice of their own obsequies, a notice not accompanied by the request, "Send no flowers," for there was no danger that there would be a profusion of flowers. As from the windows and doors of the "House of Many Mansions" we look on the passing spectacle some of us will wish that on earth we had less salary and more hardships, less comfort and more exposure, less caution and more courage, less shelter and more storm, less smooth sailing and more cyclone, and that we had dared all at the front instead of taking good care of ourselves in the rear. Forward, mounted troops! Fa-vorites of heaven! Cavalrymen and cavalry-women of the Lord God Almighty. No chargers of heaven too white or too arched of neck, or too prancing of gait for those seated on them.

If Job's war horse while the battle was going on saith: "Ha! Ha!" shall not these chargers now that the day is won utter a more jubilant "Ha! Ha!" Forward under arches of triumph, by fountains rainbowed of eternal joy, and amid gardens abloom with unfading efflorescence, and along palaces where, after they have dismounted, these souls shall reign forever and ever, they march, they brandish their weapons with which they gained bloodless victory, and they rise in stirrups of gold to greet all the rest of heaven gazing upon them from the amethystine balconies. A glorious heaven it will be for all of us who anywhere and anyhow served the Lord, but an especial heaven, a mounted heaven, a processional heaven for those who have done outside work, exposed work, and belonged to the Lord's cavalry. "The armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses."

Then let the creaking door of the closing year go shut. When that closes better doors will open. The world's brightest and happiest years are yet to come. Toward them we speed on in swiftest stirrup. Cavalry charge at Inkerman was not so rapid. At last the equestrians equal the chargers! At last the riders are as many as the horses!

UNWASTED DAYS.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts at best, of now and then—
Wind-wavered copse-lights, daughters of the fen—
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.
—James Russell Lowell.

A Brutal Brother.

It was shockingly bad manners, of course, for even a brother to say such a thing, but she had been exercising a sister's prerogative of speech all day and had hectored him to death.

Her name, be it said, is Jeanne—really Joanne, by virtue of her Huguenot ancestry.

"Jane," said he, "I wish you would marry a mormon!

It's a blot on our national honor and you'd do more to break it up than all the laws of the United States!"—New York Herald.

WOMAN'S LONG HOURS.

SHE TOILS AFTER MAN'S DAY'S WORK IS DONE.

What She Has to Contend With—Work That Sooner or Later Breaks Down Her Delicate Organism.

The great majority of women "work to live" and "live to work," and as the hands of the clock approach the hour of six, those employed in stores, offices, mills and factories, hail closing time with

joy. They have won their day's bread, but some duties are yet to be performed, and many personal matters to be attended to. They have mending to do, and dresses or bonnets to make, and long into the night they toil, for they must look neat, and they have no time during the day to attend to personal matters.

Women, therefore, notwithstanding their delicate organism, work longer and more closely than men.

They do not promptly heed such signs as headache, backache, blues, pains in the groins, bearing-down, "all gone" feeling, nervousness, loss of sleep and appetite, whites, irregular or painful monthly periods, cold and swollen feet, etc., all symptoms of womb trouble, which, if not quickly checked, will launch them in a sea of misery.

There is but one absolute remedy for all those ills. Any woman who has to earn her own living will find it profitable to keep her system fortified with this tried and true woman's friend. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound speedily removes the cause and effects a lasting cure.

We are glad to produce such letters as the following from Miss M. G. McNamee, 114 Catherine St., Utica, N.Y.:

"For months I had been afflicted with that tired feeling, no ambition, no appetite, and a heavy bearing-down feeling of the uterus. I began to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Soon those bad feelings passed away; I began to have more ambition, my appetite improved and I gained rapidly in every way, and now I am entirely well. I advise all my friends to use the Compound, it is woman's truest friend."

A PLAITED HAT.

Made of Strips of Felt, With a Tiny Bit of a Crown.

If you would be filled with admiration for your milliener, drop in and see her manipulate the silks and satins, the wires and braids, the felts and straws,

OF BOX-PLAITED FELT.

She buys her hats by the yard and makes them up to suit herself.

Three yards of butternut-colored felt four inches wide made a hat for a woman who wanted something to wear with a brown dress. The crown was a ridiculous piece of felt, shaped like the cover of a baking-powder box. The top was covered with braided silk, butter colored, and the sides with brown silk.

The milliner took the long strips of felt and appliqued an edge of butter-colored braiding around it. Then she took it in her hands as if it were a piece of ribbon and folded it in box plaits, Grecian style. When folded, she sewed all firmly to the box-shaped crown, stood two white wings at the side, and the hat was done.

PICTURE ON A HILL.

The Long Man of Wilmington, England, Measures 240 Fet.

About midway between Berwick and Polegate stations, England, at a point where the side of the hill is very precipitous, those who know exactly the spot where to look will be able to see from the railway carriage windows a sort of rude imitation of the human form outlined in white, says an exchange. The figure, which is between 200 and 300 feet in height, holds a long staff in each hand. This is the "Long Man of Wilmington," once the center of profound veneration and worship, but now merely an object of interest to the curious.

In order to obtain an adequate idea of this great hillside figure, dominating the surrounding country and appearing to watch as guardian over the little village below, it is desirable to approach it afoot, tramping along the winding lanes, as the pilgrims of old must have tramped when they came hither on the occasion of some great religious festival. Seen from afar, the figure does not appear to be of remarkable size, but gradually, as one approaches the hill, it assumes an imposing and definite shape.

The figure, about 240 feet in height, was merely shaped in the turf so as to allow the chair of the species through. In the course of time these depressions in the surface became almost imperceptible, and to such an extent was the figure neglected that at last it was only possible to make out the form at a distance, when the slight hollows were marked by drifted snows or when the oblique rays of the rising or setting sun threw them into a deep shadow. In order to preserve the form of the "Long Man," and to render it at the same time easily distinguishable at a distance, the outline was marked by a single line of white bricks placed closely together. The effect has been to produce a somewhat startling figure, which is plainly visible in fine weather from a great distance.

There are in different parts of the country other examples of extremely rude and early hillside figures, and, although the very fact of their great antiquity renders it unlikely that historical or documentary evidence will be forthcoming as to their design or precise purpose, it is very satisfactory to find that an explanation has been found which will at once account for many of the peculiarities.

The theory is that these are sacrificial figures. We learn from these writings of Caesar that the Gauls (and the Britons were doubtless included) had figures of vast size, the limbs of which, formed of osiers, they filled with living men. The figure was ultimately fired, and the miserable victims perished in the flames.—Chicago Record.

A Great Chance.

"I've got a great mind," said the young man, "to go west and grow up with the country."

"But you don't know anything about agriculture."

"I know that: but there are one or two sections where there seems to be so many politicians that I believe an energetic man could come pretty near getting a monopoly of the farming."—Washington Star.

Which?

Wickwire—"Have you noticed tha: Mudge has quit cigars and taken up a pipe?"

Yabsley—"Yes: I wonder what is the cause? Has he been playing the races or getting engaged?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Thin, Pale Children

One satisfaction in giving Scott's Emulsion to children is they never object to it. The fact is, they soon become fond of it. Another satisfaction is because it will make them plump, and give them growth and prosperity. It should be given to all children who are too thin, or too pale. It does not make them over-fat, but plump.

It strengthens the digestive organs and the nerves, and furnishes material for rich blood.

We have a book telling you more on the subject. Sent free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

The Sunday School.

The Holy Spirit Given.

LESSON 2, JANUARY 10, 1897.

Golden Text: They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.—Acts 2:4.

(Acts 2:1-13. Memory verses 1-4.)

Study also Acts 2:14-31.

1. And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

2. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

3. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

4. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

5. And they were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven.

6. Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language.

7. And they were all amazed and marveled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans?

8. And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?

9. Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia,

10. Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes,

11. Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.

12. And they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this?

13. Others mocking said, These men are full of new wine.

Illustrative Applications.

The day of Pentecost was now come (v. 1). God has a set time for things. That is a great comfort. Perhaps we cannot tell precisely why this time of Pentecost was the time chosen of God for the enduement of the spirit; it is not needful we should know the reason why. But the comforting fact is that, when God's time struck, what was to occur in that time did take place. This world of ours is at fast ends, not at loose ends. The great plan of God grasps and focuses itself upon details. There is order in the world's ongoing. Things may look haphazard to me: they are not so to God. This is a great fact to lean upon when we are wearied, worried, perhaps impatient. There is no hurry in God, but there is exactness in him. When the time comes for the blooming of his purpose, it will surely come to flower. So I have reason for steady, trustful, hopeful working.

They were all together in one place. Peter was not absent because he could not exactly fellowship the previous doubtfulness of Thomas. John was not away because Peter had once tumbled into a base denial. Mary did not refuse to come because the Galilean brogue of some of them grated a little on her refinement. None of the men, nor any of the women, were out of their places because it was a rainy day, or because it was a sunny day, or because it was not altogether convenient to be there, or because the turban was a little worn or the tunic had become a little shabby, or because Andrew or Simon would occupy so much time, or because any were in a listless and laggard state. How much blessing absentees miss and make others miss! If any here had been away, they had surely forfeited the enduement of the spirit, and this whole church would have been so much the weaker. What wonders a church, Christian Endeavor Society, Sunday school, can work, "all together in one place!" Straggling stayers away are a perpetual weakness. If only all of us would heed the lesson, and take example from this early church, in which, while those composing it might be few and weak, there was neverthe ess the strength and various helpfulness which come from a complete union of presence and of purpose.

And suddenly (v. 2). They were expecting and looking for the fulfilment of Christ's promise, but just when and how the promise was to be kept they did not know. Let us try to learn to leave the "when" and "how" with God. Let us keep grip on promise as did these waiting and praying ones. Let our faith never waver, as theirs did not, in the reality of the promise, even though fulfilment seem to us delayed, and we have no way of telling the precise shape which fulfilment will assume. Meanwhile let us get heart for believing prayer and full assurance of the duty next us from the promise. It is a great thing to be a promise-grasping Christian.

Then came a sound from heaven as if a rushing mighty wind. Sound, and yet stillness. There was only the sound as of a rushing, mighty wind; there was not the blowing of it. Force, and yet quietness—such are the fitting symbols of the power and presence of the Spirit. There is no force like his, there is no solemn calm like his. As I think of it, I find these to be precisely what I need—power and quietness. The power which will enable me forcefully to do, and at the same time the beautiful quietness which will keep my soul unruffled, and let all its parts and powers work easily together, and without jar.

Cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them (v. 3). I think another has put this other symbol of the presence of the Spirit admirably. A tongue—"the only instrument of the grandest war ever waged, man's speech to his fellowman; a message in human words to human faculties; from the understanding to the understanding, from the head to the heart. A tongue of fire—man's voice. God's truth; man's speech, the Holy Spirit's inspiration; a human organ, a superhuman power." Do you see your calling as a Christian? You are to concentrate your speech to Christ. You are not to be a silent Christian.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost (v. 4). Mark the fact that they were all filled—simple disciples as well as apostles, women as much as men. How this clashes with the notion of a separated caste in the church! But ye—that is, all—are a royal priesthood. And I think the being filled with the Holy Ghost is best understood by reading in the light of this enduement our Lord's wonderful promises concerning it in those chapters of John's Gospel—the Holy of Holies of the Scripture. "I will not leave you desolate; I come unto you." This being filled with the Holy Ghost was the deep, inward consciousness that now their risen Lord, through his Holy Spirit, had come to them, entered into them, interpenetrated them; no more a Christ for outward ear and eye and touch, but to be henceforth a Christ within them, flashing before the inner vision, speaking to the inner ear, tangible to the soul's touch; not just a Christ on whose bosom John could lean his head, not just a Christ far away and entered into glory, but a Christ whose spiritual presence should henceforth intermingle with the innermost thought of John, a Christ who deigned to make their hearts henceforth the temple of his constant and veritable residence. "Whom the world cannot receive; for it beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him. In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." Being filled with the Holy Spirit—why, that was just entering in to this most certain of all certainties, this most shining of all knowledges, that their risen Lord, by his spirit, was, in them, an inner strength, courage, victory, a settled center for the soul which nothing outward could disturb. And let us remember that the Holy Spirit has just such ministry for ourselves. "Credo Spiritum sanctum," "I believe in the Holy Spirit." Ah, if this creed were not less upon our lips, but were immensely more within our hearts!

And began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. The special and miraculous phase of this gift of tongues, whatever it may have been, has passed away, but in a more real and inward sense this gift and duty of the tongues remains. Oh! when among us, and now, a man has opened himself to the inbreathings of the divine Spirit, when he begins to know by sweet and wonderful consciousness that Christ is in him, when the grand liberty of the sons of God has broken the shackles from his soul, then does he not begin to speak with new and other tongues? With the tongue of a deep personal experience, with the tongue of joy, with the tongue of triumph, with such new tongues he does begin to speak. In this meaning the gift of the tongues remains. Such gift how sadly ministers, Christians, Sunday school teachers, need! And such gift the Spirit waits to confer upon them. Let us beware of reading about this gift of the Spirit as though it only was; it is a gift even for this day, and for ourselves, if we will have it.—Wayland Hoyt, D. D., in S. S. Times.

SUBSTITUTION

the FRAUD of the day.

See you get Carter's.

Ask for Carter's.

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills

(The only perfect

Liver Pill.

Take no other,

Even if

Solicited to do so.

Beware of imitations

of Same Color Wrapper.

RED.

GIRL'S BALL GOWN.

How to Make an Inexpensive, but Beautiful One in Tarleton.

A young girl wants so many evening dresses her first year in society that her purse, unless she be a millionaire's daughter, is taxed to its limit. She looks constantly for effective designs that are not costly.

One of these is the dress of tarleton, that old material which, well managed, is as pretty as tulle and as graceful as chiffon.

THE BRUNETTE IN CERISE.

Choose tarleton with little stiffening and be careful to let the dress hang, after being made, until the first harshness has gone out of it. Dampness improves it in these days of limpness.

Make the skirt a full godet over an old silk or a silkoline lining, and at intervals down the skirt applique bands of beaded passementerie.

For the waist there can be no color boldly introduced. A brunette girl can make her waist of the white material and around it sew on straps of cerise ribbon until the waist is banded. The sleeves can be banded in the same way, only closer until they look like cerise silk puffs. Over the shoulder there can be a strap of the cerise ribbon with passementerie sewed on.

There is nothing at all expensive about this dress, and it will be one of the prettiest ones in any girl's winter wardrobe.

SCARED OUT OF THEIR GROWTH.

Thought the Corpse Had Come From a Warm Place.

One of the foremost surgeons of the town gave a dinner last week to several of his colleagues and an old college mate from the West, says the Washington Post. All sorts of old stories were raked up, and the physician from the West told a story of those old college days—a story, by the way, that old Washingtonians will remember. It happened in the days when no legal provision was made for supplying dead bodies to medical colleges, and the dreaded "night doctor" regularly plied his vocation. It fell to the lot of two medical students one night to resurrect a corpse they knew of as material for their dissections. One of the medical students was this same wealthy surgeon. The other is now dead. Together they visited the cemetery and secured the body. Wrapping it in a blanket, they set it up between them in their buggy. They were by no means as hardened as the real medical student likes to be, and they stopped at a wayside inn for something to brace their nerves. After they had taken a bracer they took something to ward off a chill and something else to counteract the malarial tendency of the night air. Altogether they were some time in the inn, and the doctor from the West—he was only a medical student then, and happened to be at the inn—embraced his opportunity. The two body snatchers came out, climbed into their buggy and drove off.

"John," said one of them in a whisper, "I believe this corpse is getting warmer."

"John," said the first student, "it's getting warmer."

John fearfully touched the body.

"It's hot!" he gasped, and then, in sepulchral tones, the corpse remarked:

"If you had some from the place I have you'd be hot, too."

The two students never heard the final words, for they sprang from the buggy and galloped off in terror, leaving the supposed corpse to drive back to town alone. And the great surgeon and the Western doctor roared in the telling of the story, with a mirth one of them did not feel when the story was new.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BRIEF NOTES OF NOTABLES.

Julia F. Williams has been the keeper of the Santa Barbara, Cal., lighthouse for 31 years. During this period she has climbed the tower and attended to the lower every night herself, with the exception of three weeks 20 years ago.

One of the first presents given by the Queen of Italy to her new daughter-in-law, the Princess Helene, of Montenegro, was a magnificent bicycle with ivory handles and decorated with the arms of Savoy and Montenegro in enamel and gold.

Lord Mayor Fandel Phillips intends to signalize his year of office, in which will fall the completion of the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign, by raising by subscription the $5,000,000 needed to free the great public hospitals of London from debt.

The newspaper men of Philadelphia will give a complimentary dinner to Col. A. K. McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, in commemoration of his 50 years' service in journalism. On December 9, 1846, Col. McClure, then a lad of 19 years, issued the first number of the Juniata Sentinel, of Mifflintown, Pa.

King Oscar, of Sweden, after publishing several volumes of poems over the pseudonym, "O. Frederick," has just written a Romance of the Times of Napoleon and Bernadotte. It is a novel based on the life of his grandmother, Queen Desiree, who was jilted by Napoleon and subsequently became the wife of Bernadotte, afterward King of Sweden.

Ringing the Changes.

"I tell you, the man I respect is the man who can change his opinion."

"And the man I respect is the man who can change a thousand dollar bill."—Indianapolis Journal.

A NEW YEAR'S FANTASY.

It was New Year's eve and I dreamed a dream,
And in it the year just passed
Went by me in its funeral clothes,
As we all shall be dressed at the last;
And it laid itself down in a lonely spot,
And covered its head with mold;
And the snow sifted over its resting place,
And winter blew chill and cold.

So I said in my dream: "Sleep well, Old Year,
My grief for you is spent.
You gave me days I gladly would have kept,
But you took them when you went,

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1896.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 117,000

OUR BICYCLE OFFER.

The readers of The Blade are considerably interested in the bicycle offer we have made for the months of January and February. We receive several hundred applications per day for the circular of particulars; and now we are receiving numerous notices that our friends have gone to work in accordance with the offers therein made.

We again request every one who receives the Blade bicycle circular, to drop us a postal card notifying us of his acceptance of our proposition, if he concludes to work. The following is the announcement made last week:

As we have many times before remarked, it is a good thing to be a subscriber to The Blade. We are constantly giving our readers opportunities to obtain useful and necessary articles at a nominal price. Thus the money expended for a year's subscription is usually refunded many fold. Now we have a plan whereby any reader of The Blade may obtain of us, during the months of January and February, a first-class high grade bicycle, either at a nominal price of $25, or less down to $5, or even ABSOLUTELY FREE. It would require too much space to elaborate fully our plan here, and we have therefore prepared a detailed circular of information, which we will be pleased to mail to any applicant. This plan appeals especially to young people, but is equally available to any person who wants a good first-class wheel. Hundreds of our readers have in mind the purchase of a bicycle upon the opening of the coming spring. Why pay $85 to $100 for one, when our plan will save you that amount of money?

Drop us a postal card for our bicycle circular, and do it quickly, as our offer is for the months of January and February only. One hundred dollars saved is $200 earned. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

The Ways and Means committee of the House is occupying the time of the holiday recess in securing information for its guidance in the framing of a new tariff bill. The effect of a low tariff on our industries has been shown by actual experience with the Wilson-Gorman law. Our great industries know, by actual test, how low a tariff has to be to give foreign competitors an unfair advantage, and compel cutting of wges to American workingmen. Hence the bearings will enable our producers to give the committee ample information as to the effects of the present law on business, and the changes which are required to make it properly protective. The schedule of hearings is as follows:

On Monday, December 28, schedule A, chemicals, oils and paints, and schedule H, spirits, wines and other beverages.

On Tuesday, December 29, schedule I, cotton manufactures, and schedule L, silks and silk goods.

On Wednesday, December 30, schedule E, sugar and molasses.

On Thursday, December 31, schedule D, wood and manufactures of, and schedule H, pulp, paper and books.

On Saturday, January 2, schedule J, flax, hemp, jute, and manufactures of.

On Monday, January 4, schedule F, tobacco and manufactures of.

On Tuesday, January 5, schedule G, agricultural products and provisions, including live animals, dairy products, fruits, fish, meats, salt, etc.

On Wednesday, January 6, schedule K, wool, and on Thursday, January 7, manufactures of wool.

On Friday, January 8, schedule B, earthenwaree, glassware, marble and stone.

On Saturday, January 9, schedule C, iron and lead ores, metals, and manufactures of.

On Monday, January 11, schedule N, sundries, including buttons, coal, gloves, leather and manufactures, of; and free list.

Those who find it inconvenient to be present may send a written statement giving their views, which should be in the hands of the clerk of the committee the day previous to that on which the hearing for that industry is set. By the middle of January, the views of American producers will be in the hands of the committee, and it will be able to proceed promptly in drafting the new tariff bill. And that bill will be enacted into law by the extra session of the Fifty-fourth Congress next spring.

REFORM IN SLEEPING CARS.

Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, has taken up the cudgels in behalf of a reform in the methods of the sleeping car companies in the use and sale of their berths. In this he will have the earnest support of tens of thousands of Americans—for we are all prone to save time on a journey by taking a night train and sleeping while we travel.

Mr. Pettigrew proposes to have the sleeping car business placed, as far as possible, under the control of the interstate commerce commission, the same as other railroad business of an interstate character, and then to subject it to at least two conditions—that the upper berth shall be charged for at only three-fourths of the rate at which the lower berth is sold, and that if an upper berth shall not be sold it shall not be let down or "made up," to the unnecessary discomfiture of the occupant of the lower one.

He has an able coadjutor in the House, in the person of Representative Baker, of New Hampshire, who not only agrees with the Senator, but proposes to go him one better by insisting that the companies shall fit up sleepers in which travelers may have decent accommodations at 50 cents a night, instead of the rate of $1.50 to $2 which now prevails for all. There are plenty of people who agree most heartily with both, and who earnestly hope that the necessary legislation will be had at the present session of Congress.

It is now pretty generally agreed at Canton and Washington that Mark Hanna either does not want or will not take the Treasury portfolio. With Hanna out of the field, the most promising candidate now in sight seems to be Nelson Dingley, of Maine, who has the qualifications for a well-informed, safe and conservative secretary, with a long experience in the legislation bearing upon the work of the Treasury department.

Secretary Herbert says the Texas is all right. That may possibly be, but she has developed a serious tendency to get into toruble on very short notice.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The date of the commencement of the civil year is the resultant of a process of evolution. It is in harmony with the fitness of things that this date should be fixed at the time the sun turns northward from his farthest southern declination, and again begins his journey northward, to bring light and life to the ice-bound northern hemisphere. His farthest southing is reached on December 21, and hence the first day of the ensuing month is the most fitting date for the commencement of a new twelvemonth.

All civilized people, both ancient and modern, have agreed in distinguishing the first day of the year by special festivities. Among the Romans one of the observances was the presentation of gifts, which in modern times has been transferred to Christmas, a week earlier. In England and this country, the new year is ushered in with the ringing of bells—to which we add the miscellaneous fusilade of other noise-producing expedients, such as the firing of guns and pistols, exploding fire-crackers, and the din of tin horns.

There is one private and personal observance which is very popular—that of "swearing-off" from drinking, or the use of tobacco, or some other habit which it is better to be rid of. Sometimes the swearing-off is a success; oftener it is not—alas for the weakness of human nature! Still, it is a good thing to endeavor to break away from any evil besetment, and start the new year with good resolutions for the future. We all hope for better things from the new year than came to us in the past, and it is certainly praiseworthy to make the effort to deserve them.

THE CHICAGO FAILURES.

The free silver crowd in Washington were in high glee when the news was received of the failure of the National Bank of Illinois, at Chicago, and of the other banking firms which it dragged down. They declared that they were due to the awful gold standard; and, like birds of ill omen, croaked the prediction that a wave of bank failures would sweep eastward over the country.

This talk was shown to be foolish, when the fact was developed that the failure of the bank was due to the worst kind of mismanagement. No financial system can prevent failures due to stock speculation and other unwise acts of the officials of a bank.

Furthermore, the call of Comptroller Eckels for a statement of the condition of all national banks on December 17 reveals the fact that the condition of these banks throughout the country is most excellent. Individual cases of failure from bad management are possible at any time, to either banks or business firms; but such failures can not be set down as the fault of our financial system.

The Comptroller of the Currency expects the official report on the status of the National Bank of Illinois will fully explain the causes which led to its failure, and locate exactly the responsibility. When these things are ascertained, criminal prosecutions will undoubtedly follow. It is the policy of the government to push cases against national bank officers and directors when the facts give sufficient ground for such action. The moral effect of this policy is excellent. It induces caution on the part of bank officials, who may feel inclined to use the funds intrusted to their care in personal ventures and speculative operations.

It is a matter of interest that Hammond, the manager of the failed bank, is one of the few business men in Chicago who supported the free silver crusade in the late campaign; that Cashier Mohl, and Mr. Dreyer, whose firm had a half-million of the failed bank's money, are close personal friends of Governor Altgeld, were his appointees on park boards, and were given the direction of public funds. The joke is rather on the free silverites, in view of these facts.

LYNCH LAW IN KENTUCKY.

Governor Bradley and his administration owes it to the people of Kentucky as well as to the whole country to stop the wholesale work of mobs in that state.

The last ten days has furnished a black record. In that time through the action of mobs seven men have met death, five of them at the time being in the hands of the law.

The governor is warranted to take the most heroic measures to stamp out this lawlessness. He will not be doing his duty if he fails to set in motion every part of the machinery of the state government, not only to protect prisoners charged with crime but also to run down and punish those who have taken part in making this bloody history.

Lynch law is a disgrace to any state. It is a black crime for which no excuse can be offered. Murder cannot be avenged by murder. The state officials should act at once and act with energy.

AGAINST A WAR.

The business interests of the country are averse to any jingoism in the matter of the Cuban question. This does not mean that they take sides with Spain in the contest now going on; far from it. The business men, like all other classes of our citizens, sympathize with the Cubans in their efforts to achieve independence; but they do not desire any action taken of a nature to precipitate war between us and Spain over the matter.

There is no objection by any one to doing all that the United States should do in the matter of the recognition of Cuban belligerency, or of the recognition of its independence, so long as we are not involved in war. Such a struggle, though the result could not be uncertain, would disorganize business; and the average business man has had so hard a road to travel for the past three and a half years that he has no relish for anything which would make it still harder.

THE HOLIDAY RECESS.

Congress has adjourned over the holidays—until January 5. The Cuban business has been left in statu quo. The Cameron resolution was laid over in the Senate, and its fate is difficult to foretell. The situation reminds one somewhat of the position in which Cleveland's fiery Venezuelan message was left during holiday time one year ago.

The two houses have made very good use of their time during December. The pension appropriations bill has been passed, and substantial progress made on the other appropriations. The Ways and Means committee of the House is already at work on the new tariff bill, which will be enacted into law by the extra session of the Fifty-fifth Congress next spring. There will be but little done at the present short session except pass the appropriation bills. The only matter of general interest, outside of these, before Congress is the Cuban resolution.

The House refused to concur in the Senate amendments to the Lodge immigration bill, and a conference was agreed to. The points of difference will doubtless be harmonized, and the bill go to the President early in the new yera. It should be passed as promptly as possible.

THE PACIFIC RAILROADS.

Indications point to a sharp struggle over the question of the government's relations to the Union and Central Pacific railroad companies during the remainder of the session. The President, it will be remembered, called the attention of Congress, in his message, to the fact that about 20 millions of the bonds which were issued by the government in aid of those two companies, with the understanding that they would be met by them, have been, or will be, on January 1st, 1897, paid by the government, and that, unless some action by Congress is taken in the matter, he will feel it his duty to begin foreclosure proceedings to protect the rights of the government. This suggestion doubtless operated to lead the House to agree to give three days to the Pacific railroad funding bill, and vote finally upon it on January 11.

The situation regarding these roads and their indebtedness is somewhat peculiar and complicated. After the government had issued its bonds to the amount of some 60 millions, making them a first lien on the roads, it consented to the issuance of about a similar amount of bonds by the roads, which were to be a first lien, the government's bonds to take second place. These first mortgage bonds issued by the companies under the consent of the United States, have not been paid, nor have the principal or interest of the bonds issued in behalf of the roads by the government been met by them. Those of the government bonds maturing have been met by the government, and will amount, on January 1 to about 20 millions, or one-third of the entire sum.

Naturally, the first thought is that the government should foreclose and take possession of the roads, by reason of the failure of the companies to meet these bonds, as they agreed to do when they were issued in their aid by the government. But it is found that if this is done, the government in taking possession of the roads becomes liable for the payment of the first mortgage bonds, which it permitted the roads to issue to take precedence of its own bonds in the order of claim upon the property.

The owners of the road now say that if they can have further time they can pay off the first lien, and then pay the government the full amount of the bonds and interest when they fall due. They want the new obligations which they propose to give the government to extend over a very long period and to daw interest at the rate of two per cent per annum. They propose to begin paying at once a fixed sum each year, which shall not only meet the interest but become a sinking fund to apply upon the extinguishment of the debt itself. The average period which the debt would run, by this process, would be about forty years.

Government Directors Coombs and Anderson do not agee with the belief that the road, if foreclosed and sold, would only bring a sufficient sum to pay the first mortgage bonds, and thus leave the government nothing for its claim. They have expressed the belief before the House committees that the roads, if sold under foreclosure, will bring 120 millions, which would net the government about $60,000,000, or practically the face of its bonds, leaving it only the loss of interest paid on them from time to time.

The imperative necessity for action at this time is based not only upon the fact that the government is paying off its own bonds which the railroad agreed to pay, and will by 1899, have them all paid, but that the first mortgage bonds ae in default, and liable to be foreclosed at any time; and should the roads, under that foreclosure, bring only the amount of the first mortgage obligations, the claim of the government would be wiped out.

It is because of these circumstances that President Cleveland has indicated that he feels it his duty to institute foreclosure proceedings unless Congress acts at once, and for the same reason a vigorous effeort will be made to get action by both branches of Congress before the end of the present session.

CARLISLE'S REPORT.

Secretary Carlisle indulges, in his annual report, in some more of his rainbow chasing estimates of the future workings of the Wilson tariff law. He is not so wild in his figures, however, as he has been in the past.

His report gives actual and estimated deficits for the years ending June 30, 1896, 1897 and 1898, of 25, 65, and 45 millions respectively. These estimates are based on the assumption that existing business and revenue conditions will remain unchanged and that Congress will continue to authorize the same rate of public expenditure.

Mr. Carlisle thinks the conditions will change for the better and that with reasonable economy (and calling borrowed money surplus) the government can pay without any new revenue legislation whatever. Neither the Republicans in Congress nor the business world will agree with him, and as soon as the Fifty-fifth Congress can be convened in extra session, it will settle all doubt by the enactment of a new tariff law, which will produce ample revenue.

The best thing in the report is his argument in favor of the cancellation and retirement of the greenbacks and other treasury notes, aggregating $468,000,000. All of these "promises to pay" have been paid in gold once and $100,000,000 of them have been thus paid twice; yet they have all to be redeemed again and again. They necessitate a jealous watch on the gold reserve and keep up an endless agitation as to whether they shall be paid in something besides gold or not at all.

RUMORS OF WAR.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times informs his paper that the Washington government has been given to understand in a friendly tone that the powers would not remain passive should the United States recognize or encourage Cuban independence. According to his information, Germany is even now ready to take Spain's side "should the United States show a disposition officially to side with the rebels." The story has been denied from Washington, but all the same there is a lurking belief that there is some foundation for it.

Thirty-five years ago the European powers were quick to recognize the belligerency of the Confederate states, and on several occasions were on the brink of recognizing their independence. The conditions are changed now, and we doubt whether this government will be deterred from taking whatever action it may see fit in the Cuban matter by any intimations from Europe. The situation over there is too strained for any of the powers, especially Germany, to undertake war on this side of the Atlantic. It would lead to a final solution of the Eastern question with Russia in possession of Constantinople.

Three millions and a half bushels of corn were shipped from the United States to Europe last week. Are our cousins across the sea learning the toothsomeness of johnny-cake and the slab sweetness of mush and milk?

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

The regular monthly statistics of the Treasury department for November reveal the gratifying fact that in that month our exports exceeded our imports by the surprising excess of $62,250,000. This is the fourth month in which the balance of our foreign merchandise trade has been enormously in our favor. For August, September, October and November, the balance of merchandise trade (excluding gold) has reached the vast aggregate of $192,000,000.

Furthermore, the month of December is likely to show a good balance in our favor, though not so large as for the four previous months. It is estimated at about 30 millions. This, added to that since August noted above, makes a balance in our favor, for the five last months of the calendar year, of about $222,000,000.

This balance, has been met, to some considerable extent, by gold imports and other items which are not (and can not be) included in the official reports of our imports and exports. Our net importations of gold in the last four months were $71,000,000. The interest on American securities held abroad is estimated at about 12 millions a month—which, for the five months under consideration, would be $60,000,000. In that time, too, the movement of American securities has been against us by about 25 millions; that is to say, there have been, since August 1, that much more of our bonds and stocks sent over here to sell than of those sold abroad.

Putting these three items together, they offset $156,000,000 of the 222 millions of trade balance in our favor, leaving about 66 millions yet owing to us abroad. Hence it is clear that the year 1896 will close with our foreign trade in a highly satisfactory state, and with a good prospect that the brisk export trade will continue in the opening months of the new year. As the general conditions of trade improve, however, our imports will increase, and the balance of trade will, therefore, not be so preponderatingly in our favor.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

Holiday week—between Christmas and the first day of the new year—is always a quiet one in trade circles. The financial world is preparing for the payment of dividends and interest on January 1, and naturally no new financial enterprises are begun. But the Christmas trade, taking the country over, was good—even better than was expected. While the tendency was toward the buying of less costly grades of goods, the volume of the holiday traffic was so large as to be a surprise, for business men have grown pessimistic in the three years since the panic of 1893, and were not disposed to expect anything satisfactory.

The bank troubles in Chicago, precipitated by the failure to the national bank of Illinois, did not have any serious results. This was because the failure was not the result of general conditions, which are recognized as sound, but because of individual mismanagement of the worst sort. The stability of the general run of the banks of the country is shown by the fact that the failure produced no ill effects save to institutions which were connected with the ill-starred bank.

The real abundance of funds is markedly shown in New York by the ease of the money market. While preparations are going actively forward for the January payment of interest and dividends, the interest rate shows but little appreciation. In New York time money was liberally offered last week, and the demand was not eager, as borrowers appear to have made their contracts freely earlier in the month.

The stock market is, of course, inactive, as it always is in the closing days of the year. The recovery of prices with which last week begun was checked somewhat by the Chicago bank failures. The undertone of strength was maintained, however, and although the week's business closed extremely dull, the last two days were marked as a rule by advancing prices. The easier tone of the sterling exchange market, the slight improvement in railway earnings, the reduction of the Canada Southern's dividend, the decline in German money rates, and the further increase of the Treasury gold reserve, were the noteworthy incidents of the week.

Huery Clews, in his Saturday circular, has the following interesting discussion of the foreign exchange market:

The course of the foreign exchanges continues to run in an extraordinary degree in our favor. The movement, however, is not at all reflected in the rates of exchange, for the reason that a large portion of the current supply of export bills is again going into the hands of local buyers, instead of being sent forward to Europe in the usual course. Indeed, London is now borrowing from New York through drawing bills against credit, and those transactions are understood to be still quite important in amount.

These credits and the export bills held here make a total of current credit in Europe now estimated as amounting to $30,000,000 to $35,000,000. This resource may be expected to offset the adverse balance of foreign trade which usually appears in the first quarter of the year, and thus we are likely to escape any important exports of gold during the next three months. It is needless to say that this condition of the exchanges is conducive to the growth of confidence in our financial markets, whilst to the European centers it is not hopeful.

THE WOOL SCHEDULE.

The National Wool Growers' Association has issued a call to all organizations of sheep breeders and wool growers to send delegates to the adjourned session of the national body, which will be held at the Ebbitt House, Washington, on Jan. 4 and 5. Individual sheep raisers who do not belong to any association are also invited to attend.

The ways and means committee, as is already known, has arranged for a series of hearings on behalf of different industries, preparatory to the drafting of a new tariff bill. The date set for hearing the wool men is Jan. 6. Hence a meeting of the national association will be held the two previous days, to arrange for a proper presentation of the need of proper protection for the wool industry.

HILL ON M'KINLEY.

A couple of years ago, David B. Hill, of New York, was induced by a newspaper man to give his impressions of Major McKinley. His pen-picture is given below. Considering that Hill is, politically, a bitter opponent of his subject, the picture he draws is interesting:

He is easily described. Of small stature, Napoleonic in appearance, always dignified, his face "as solemn as a benediction," his manner polite but never obsequious, impersonal in debate, Websterian in style, seldom witty, vigorous in the presentation of his arguments, apparently candid and anxious to convince his hearers rather than to display himself, deliberative and self-possessed, conscious of his own reserve powers—this is a faithful pen picture of the great apostle of protection. * * * As a Democrat, I am opposed to Governor McKinley's political principles, but this does not prevent the people nor myself appreciating his high character as an American statesman.

The ten votes in the Senate against the Lodge immigration bill were cast by Democrats. The bill provides for an educational qualification, and these Democrats looked upon it as an effort to break down the Democratic party.

There is not as much speculation about the cabinet as there was a month ago. Everybody is satisfied that Major McKinley will make good selections from the large amount of splendid material at hand.

Do not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 3 for men.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Once more The Blade wishes a happy New Year to all its patrons, and to the entire American people as well.

So far as happiness is conserved by national prosperity, the prospects are excellent that 1897 will be a happier one in this respect than any since 1892. The election was the turning-point in the national policy. It indicated that the nation should no longer be bound down to a policy of insufficient revenue and crippled industries, and that no debasement of the currency should be had.

The mandate of the people is to be carried out, so far as the Republican party has power to do it. It will have the executive and the House of Representatives, and if the mischievous cabal of silverites in the Senate can be broken, it will be able to do the things it has been ordered to do. And with the conditions restored on which prosperity is possible, we will gradually return to better times.

Mr. Bryan delivered his first lecture in Tom Watson's state, but Tom did not introduce the speaker.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

Spain is bankrupt. It is useless to attempt to disguise the facts. Not only is she unprepared for war with any first-class power, but it will be impossible for her to carry on the campaigns in Cuba and the Philippine Islands much longer.

The cash balance sheet of the Bank of Spain to-day shows that not more than $19,000,000 remain of the $64,000,000 raised by the domestic war loan. It will all disappear within a little more than two months.

The European banks have refused to furnish any money. Capitalists throughout the world know that the wealth-producing machinery of Cuba has been largely destroyed, and that the principal source of Spain's revenue is dried up. Even were peace restored to-morrow it would be impossible to secure capital to re-establish the great Cuban plantations while the Spanish flag remains in that island, a constant and certain incentive to armed revolution.

The nation's funded debt is roughly $1,200,000,000 and the annual interest upon this aggregates about $64,000,000, or more. Although in recent years the annual deficiency has been greatly reduced the floating debt is now about $91,000,000, with two great colonial wars on her hands and a domestic rebellion possible in the near future.

Spain's credit in European markets is gone, and it is hard to understand on any basis of common sense the haughty and defiant tone of the present government. It was necessary to pawn Spanish customs duties to the extent of $12,000,000 a year to secure the much-boasted domestic war loan.

At this moment Spain has in her possession something like $40,000,000 of Cuban bonds, and the nineteen remaining millions of the domestic loan. That is all she has with which to carry on two wars waged thousands of miles from her coast, with the sympathy of the civilized world against her. The taxes in Spain are already so high it is difficult to conceive how they can be increased sufficiently to avert the imminent peril of bald and unconcealable bankruptcy.

The government tried to renew an overdue loan of $10,000,000 from a Paris bank, but payment was insisted upon, and Spain resorted to the old system of borrowing from the Bank of Spain to pay her debt. In fact the Bank of Spain has now probably more notes outstanding against a smaller amount of actual cash than any other bank in the world.

Nothing remains unpawned but the tobacco monopoly. If that should be hypothecated for war purposes, how could Spain carry on her government at home? In a few weeks the crash must come in some form. Spain has guaranteed the cost of the Cuban war with the idea of bleeding Cubans when she has crushed them, but the Cuban republic grows in power day by day, and already thoughtful men in Madrid begin to see that the death of Maceo is not the substantial victory they at first thought. The banks and business men are groaning over the prospect.

Sultan Abdul Hamid has been told by his dear friend, M. Nelidoff, the Russian ambassador, that the time has arrived for him to make up his mind to do or make way for somebody more pliant. But he clings tenaciously to the belief that the ambassadors are no more in earnest now than upon scores of previous occasions when the situation, to all appearances, was as serious for him as now.

It is becoming daily evident that coercion with all its perils will have to be applied. It is alleged that it is the reality of those perils that makes the powers even now, at the last moment, hesitate on an irrevocable step. The fleets are ready. The Russian armies are ready in Europe and Asia. Europe's ultimatum has been delivered, and yet decisive action is delayed.

The delay is undeniable and inquiries elicit no reasonable explanation of it. The impression seems to prevail, however, that it is an integral part of Russia's plans to have a Mohammedan rising in Constantinople against Abdul Hamid, and that the pause is deliberate in order to permit Turkish reformers to depose the Sultan and thus obviate armed intervention by the powers. There may be something in this explanation.

The latest story from Constantinople may or may not be true, but it is a very interesting one. It is, that Germany has taken a positive position in opposition to England in the matter of the reforms insisted upon by the powers.

When the Sultan became convinced that the powers were in earnest, he set about the work demanded with feverish haste. Things went along swimmingly, and with astonishing rapidity, considering the exasperating slowness of the Turk in any governmental matter.

Then Sir Philip Currie, the British ambassador, suggested to the Sublime Porte that, while Great Britain was much pleased with the energy displayed, she was fearful that the Turkish government might not be strong enough to secure the permanent enforcement of these measures; and that it was desirable that the three powers having the most vital interest therein—England, France and Russia—should have written negotiations on the matter.

This would mean, if accepted, that the Sublime Porte consented to a protectorate by the three powers, and in case the reforms were not carried out, they would have a valid excuse for direct interference to compel their execution. It will be noted that Germany was not included in the arrangement.

Suddenly the Sultan took a bold stand and refused the suggestion of the British ambassador, on the ground that any written assurance was unnecessary. It now appears, according to the story, that the Sultan, in refusing, acted under instructions from the German government; and it is believed that the Emperor Wilhelm has agreed to protect Turkey from Russian or British encroachments.

If this story is true, the Eastern question is again just where it was a year ago. The jealousies of the Great Powers have again defeated possible reforms, and the Turk can go on in his career of murder and outrage, secure in the knowledge that any direct interference will bring on an European war, and that neither Russia nor England dares to provoke such a contest.

Gibraltar is practically defenseless. This somewhat startling admission comes from Sir Robert Biddulph, the governor of the "rock," and he ought to know. By the aid of modern long-range guns and projectiles of enormous penetration with which Spain has been equipping her batteries at Algeciras, across Gibraltar bay, the English could be shelled out of their most famous stronghold.

It is pointed out that with a comparatively small expenditure of money by the Spanish government batteries, constructed upon the ridge of mountains known as the Queen of Spain's Chair, would actually command Gibraltar at a distance of 9,000 yards, and would be capable of demolishing the whole length of the fortifications from the Galleries to Europa Point. These Spanish batteries would also threaten the entry of ships of war to the Moles. This plan would merely involve the mounting of some 40 heavy guns of from 4.7-inch to 12-inch calibre, and a similar number of howitzers, with which Gibraltar could be knocked to pieces in short order.

It is not strange that this condition has alarmed the governor, and that a special commission should have been appointed to hear his report and devise means for refortifying within a year. England holds her stealings when they are worth it. If it shall ever come about that improved armor plate, guns, and the steaming capacity of warships have reduced the strategic importance of Gibraltar so that it is no longer valuable, England may give it back to Spain.

Senor Rodriguez, the first minister of the Greater Republic of Central America, was formally received last week by President Cleveland. The new union is composed of the republics of Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador, and the President expressed the hope that Costa Rica and Guatemala would also join the Union.

The general arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain is practically completed, and will be ready for the Senate immediately after the holiday recess. It is an important diplomatic achievement in the interest of peace.

Gen. Rivera, who is in command of Maceo's troops, is said to have sent word to Gen. Weyler that if he persists in his policy of killing "pacificos," or non-combatants, the Cubans will retaliate by putting to death all Spaniards whom they may capture.

The death of Maceo is proving a serious blow to the Cuban insurgents. The rebel force in his district is said to have been broken up into small bands, many of the insurgents hiding their arms and posing as pacificos.

The explanation of the recent bank failures in Chicago and the consequent embarrassment of other institutions there and elsewhere in the West is undoubtedly to be found in the reckless speculation that has been going on with the encouragement, if not the actual participation of the managers of some of the banks. The Diamond Match speculation was promoted by some very prominent financiers in Chicago, and its collapse hurt some of the banks there. The particular cause assigned for the failure of the National Illinois Bank was the embarrassment of an electric street railway company, which was an ambitious project to give South Chicago the benefit of sixty miles of new track, run on the storage battery principle, much of which has been this year under construction. It was an attempt to to boom property that had not yet demonstrated its ability to yield dividends, and it appears to have got more encouragement than it deserved from the bank that has now paid the usual penalty of reckless plunging.

Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, is receiving hundreds of letters asking him to pardon Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling. It is this maudlin sympathy with blood-dyed murderers which makes justice too often a farce in this country. Those two criminals richly deserve the extreme penalty of the law, and it should be meted out to them promptly.

The Republican state committee of Kentucky has decided to push the contest against W. B. Smith, the one Bryan elector who was awarded a certificate of election in that state. It is doubtful, though, whether the case can be tried before the electors meet, and action thereafter would be superfluous, not to say ridiculous.

The national silver committee is working for the re-election of Senator Dubois, of Idaho, and has sent representatives to that state to induce silverite members, who had promised to support a Populist for Senator, to violate their pledges and vote for Dubois. The sound money men have hope of bringing about a dead-lock. The idea is to keep the balance of power in the Senate in the hands of Republican renegades, and it should be defeated, if possible.

Spain now promises to give Cuba a Congress of which all the members, thirty in number, shall be chosen by the people of Cuba, instead of half of them being named by the Spanish throne, as was at first proposed. The Cuban Congress is to be given entire control in making tariff laws for the island. But these promises come too late. The Cubans are tired of the grinding burden of Spanish taxation, and they want absolute independence, not home rule.

The treacherous Zertucha, after thinking it over for two weeks, has written out a pretty but ill-balanced story of Maceo's death. He says Maceo courted death, being disheartened by dissensions in the Cuban ranks. Cubans denounce the story as a fabrication, and very few people in this country will give much weight to the words of a villain and a traitor.

Senator Frye has strong views on the Cuban question. He believes there is such a thing as a nation being particeps criminis by permission, and says: "I am so strongly impressed that it is the duty of the United States in some way to put a stop to the horrible slaughter and barbarous brutality in an island almost in sight of our shores that I am disposed to give to the insurgents the benefits of all doubts." There are many who will agree with the Maine Senator.

The objection hitherto made to the plan for a permanent census was the increased cost, but according to Commissioner Wright's report such a bureau could be run for ten years at a cost of $8,000,000, whereas the last decennial census cost in round numbers $11,500,000. On the score of economy, as well as because of its numerous advantages, the permanent census bureau seems to be desirable.

The Blocton, Alabama, railway disaster recalls the fearful scene at Ashtabula just twenty years ago. In both cases, the train fell from a bridge into the stream below, and the resulting fire destroyed those in whom life was left. The Alabama case is more horrible in that it appears to have been deliberately planned by some one, for purposes as yet unknown.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A combination snap hook and buckle is just out.

Two Iowa men have a new hay rake and loader.

Peas are thrashed by a machine invented by a Georgia man.

Patents on new car fenders are being allowed nearly every week.

A device for feeding sheets of paper to a printing press or other machines has just been patented.

Newspapers are folded, wrapped and addressed by a machine recently patented by a man in California.

A steel "chest protector" against bullets and knife thrusts in the form of a vest has been patented by a Texan.

Pneumatic boxing gloves are an improvement over the old style, as they can be made hard or soft by forcing air into their backs through a valve in the wrist.

A lounge or settee lately invented has a number of backs, which are adapted to be placed in any position and can be clamped to either of the four sides of the lounge.

A combination counter, refrigerator and show-case is made of glass, having ice chambers at each end and a counter in the center, under which are arranged a number of compartments for the display of goods.

A bicycle handle-bar recently patented has a cork composition extending the whole length of the bar, thus allowing the rider of the wheel to grasp the bar at any point without coming in contact with the metal.

To prevent a person from "accidentally" taking the wrong hat and coat upon leaving a public place, a New York man has invented a coat and hat hook which locks the articles fast, only the owner being able to release them.

Four steam chests placed at right angles to each other around a driving shaft form the principal part of a new invention in steam engines. The valves are opened and closed by a rocking arm attached to an eccentric on the shaft.

Windows are cleaned by a machine recently invented. Two pads are connected with each other in such a manner that they can be placed on opposite sides of the glass and both be operated by means of a handle attached to one of them.

A Rhode Island woman has a patent hat-fastener, which is made of two combs, fastened to the hat brim on the under side and opposite each other. These can be pushed into the hair or pulled back even with the inside edge of the brim when not in use.

FLINGS AT THE FAIR SEX.

Gushing—Why do you call her of a certain age?

Barker—Because she never changes it.—Truth.

Convict—I'm here for having five wives.

Visiter—How are you enjoying your liberty?—London Figaro.

A girl's idea of a pretty wedding dress is one that cannot possibly be of any use to a woman after she has married.—Washington Post.

"Was the brute who struck his wife punished by the court?"

"No, when it came to the trial the woman would not acknowledge herself beaten."—Tit-Bits.

"Every man has his price."

"Certainly. But if he wants a woman to consider it he ought to knock off 2 cents from the even dollar."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Wickwire—These clairvoyants' advertisements are so ridiculous. Here is one that begins, "Mme. X tells everything." The idea.

Mr. Wickwire—Tells everything? Any woman can do that.—Indianapolis Journal.

There is nothing on earth that gives the average male mortal more satisfaction than to see a man arise and offer his seat in a street car to a fat woman, especially if he has been sitting between two other women.—New York Commercial.

"How did your wife catch that terrible cold?"

"Sh! A new family moved into the house next door on one of the coldest days last week. If you or I had stood beside an open window all afternoon we'd simply be dead."—Cleveland Leader.

"I've missed more fun this summer than you could shake your tail at," mused the bull.

"How?" asked the family horse.

"To-day for the seventh time I let one of those new women get almost across the field before I realized she wasn't a man."—Pearson's Weekly.

FAMOUS FOLK.

Dr. Mannington Cafyn, whose books were advertised as being "by the husband of the author of The Yellow Aster," died recently in England.

The sultan of Turkey of late has been given quite a number of nicknames. The last to come to the surface is that of Hamind the hangman.

Governor Wolcott, of Massachusetts, has commissioned Cyrus Cobb, of Boston, to make a marble bust of Rev. S. F. Smith, the author of America, to be placed in the State House.

Dr. B. Meade Bolton, who has charge of the bacteriological department of the Philadelphia board of health, has accepted a professorship of bacteriology and pathology in the University of Missouri at Columbia, Mo.

The gambling game "craps" which so deeply engrosses the "triflin' kind of colored men in the South, was invented by the aristocratic Marquis Bernard de Marigny, of New Orleans, who entertained Louis Phillippe when the latter visited Louisiana.

Sarah Bernahrdt's niece intends to open a millinery store in New York. She has played the part of distinguished aunt's company, but feels certain that she can accumulate a fortune quicker in the hat-trimming line.

Charles Brigham, clerk of the newspaper mailing division of the Boston postoffice, has the distinction of being oldest postoffice clerk in point of service employed in the United States to-day, having an unbroken record of 58 years, and Monday was his eighty-second birthday.

In one of Victor Hugo's recently published letters the poet promises certain fidelity to Charles X in terms which the most obsequious courtier would not observe while in another the future author of Napoleon le Petit declares himself the staunchest supporter of the Napoleonic dynasty.

The largest mirror ever brought to America has been placed in the dining room in the wing o fthe Hotel Savoy, of New York city. It occupies the entire end of the room, being 9 feet high and 3 feet 6 inches and a half feet long. Several months had to be made by the manufacturers to produce a glass of this size without flaws.

SOME LATE NEW THINGS.

A new nut lock has one corner recessed, in which a pin is placed having a sharp point to engage the fluted sides of the bolt. The pin can be sprung back out of the way to unscrew the nut.

Bicycle bells to be attached to the end of the pedal pin are new. They permit the rider to ring his bell without removing his hands from the handles or leave one hand free for carrying anything.

To make churning easy an Illinois genius attaches the dasher-lifting chair and connected with the churn mechanism by tubes, the motion of the rocking back and forth "bringing the butter."

A stone-hoisting and laying apparatus just patented consists of a network of right-angle tracks which a truck drives, the frame having a crab and windlass for moving the stone as desired.

A new fire alarm has a clockwork mechanism which rings a bell, the alarm being touched off by the expansion of a thermostat. It is small enough to be carried in the pocket and can be set for any degree of temperature.

A new automatic sprinkler has a can placed in the water pipe and held in place by a fusible plug, an abnormal degree of heat opening the pipe by fusing the plug and allowing the cap to free itself from the water outlet.

A Scotchman has invented a box-shaped, portable shield to target, the inside of which is lined with armor plating. A perforated front cover carries the bull's-eye, which is held in place by clips so as to be easily removable.

A recent designed suspender has, in addition to the ordinary straps for holding up the pants, an extra pair fitted with clasps for supporting the undergarments. These straps can be raised and lowered independently of the pants straps.

A new upholstering pin has teeth on its shank to engage a lock-plate on the under side of the mattress or cushion. To remove the pin one end of the plate is pushed into the mattress, thus releasing the toothed side of the pin, when it can be withdrawn.

A wind guard for a bicycle lamp just invented has a damper in the upper portion of the lamp, which can be closed to prevent the wind reaching the flame, the top of the guard having a number of small holes for the circulation of air when the damper is closed.

CURRENT EVENTS.

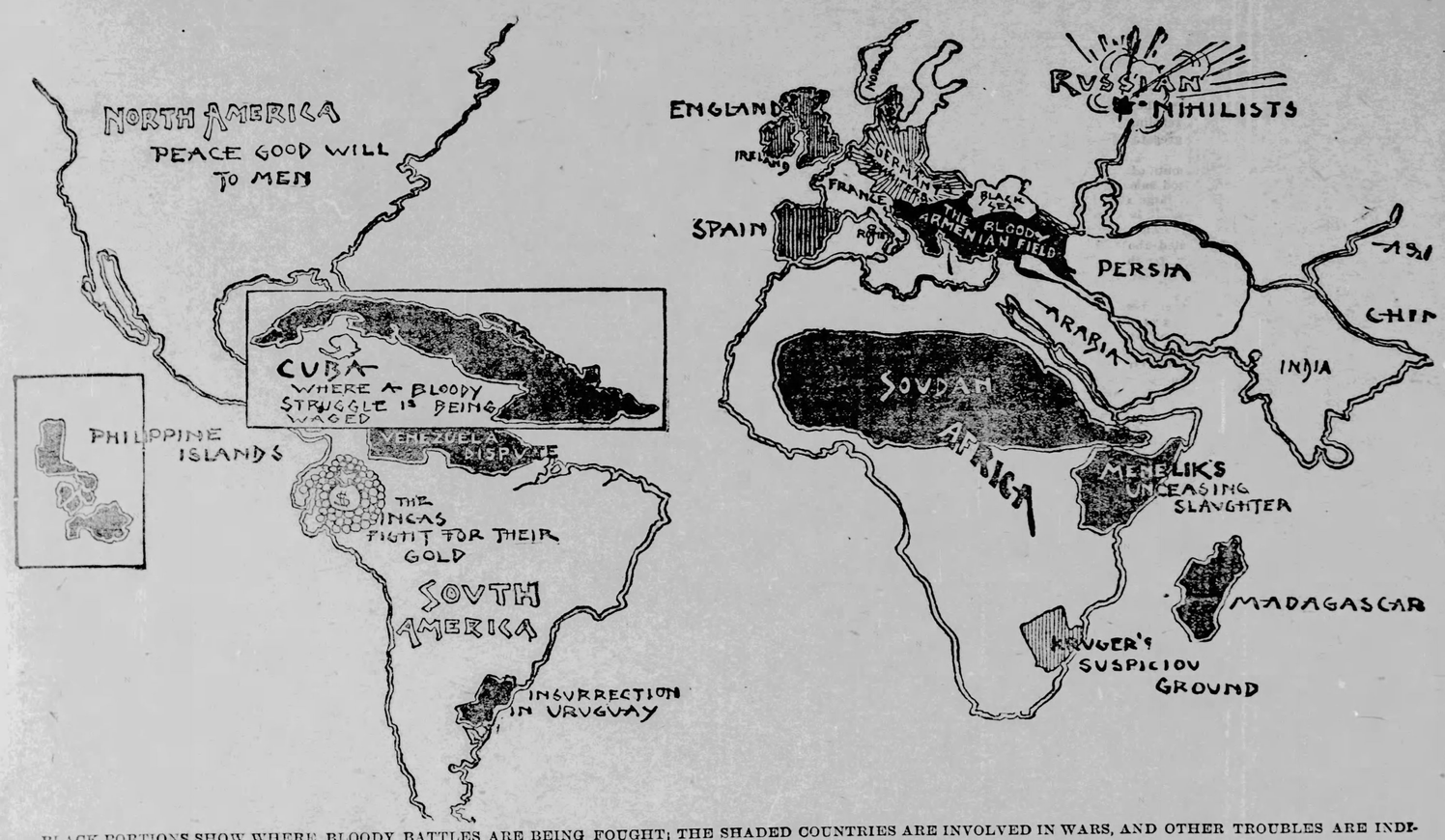
The Aberavon (England) town council unanimously elected as mayor Mr. Henry Richards, who is totally blind.

After a long search a new and apparently inexhaustible vein of fine blue granite has been found near Fredericksburg, Va.

Two churches of Jasper county, Mo., have been visited by thieves who made away with carpets of the aisles and pulpit cushions.

Victoria,

WARS, REBELLIONS AND BLOODSHED THAT USHER IN THE YEAR 1897.



BLACK PORTIONS SHOW WHERE BLOODY BATTLES ARE BEING FOUGHT; THE SHADED COUNTRIES ARE INVOLVED IN WARS, AND OTHER TROUBLES ARE INDICATED.

"Peace on earth; good will to men," can be chanted by only one nation under the sun. The United States is not involved in warfare of any description, but it is the only nation, civilized or uncivilized, that can so say.

True there is the Cuban trouble menacing; and there is the uplifted sword protecting Venezuela. But the menace and the sword are concealed. Peace and good will are the signs displayed.

At least nine bloody contests are waging the beginning of the year '97. The fiercest of these are in the tropics. If a belt was drawn 'round the earth taking in the torrid and the south temperate zones, it would nearly embrace every war country.

Warfare in the hotter climates is the exception to the rule of war. Hot latitudes are proverbially peaceful and languid. There are frequent insurrections, but these are more the outbreak of hot drinks than active pre-planned warfare.

The very latest sword swinging is being done off the Clarion islands. England spied these islands and thought they would make good coaling stations. True to her grab-all, annexation principles, England proceeded to take possession of these lovely spots. Unfortunately they belonged to Mexico, and England was asked to move off. She is now preparing to remain and the Mexicans are loading their guns.

The fierce Cuban war becomes more bloody and more closely stirring as the New Year dawns. Riviera, the new commander, swears he will have Havana in a few weeks, while Weyler is as positive the rebels are crushed. This war is so close that its echo reaches here.

Spain is between two fires, for its subjects in the Philippine Islands are in revolt. They will probably succeed, for Butcher Blanco, a companion piece to Butcher Weyler, has gone home to Madrid to complain of the lack of troops and money.

In Peru there is a double-headed conflict. The gold mines are the exciting cause of the war. The natives are defending their gold, while other nations are rushing in to take it. Brazil, the principal owner, is settling upon a dividing line with Bolivia. To this the Peruvians object and declare they will fight to the bitter end before becoming Bolivian subjects. The Indians and natives are killing the Bolivians.

Uruguay is another unsettled portion of the Western world. Far from being at peace, as was supposed, it is now discovered that the rebel leader, Saraiva, has intrenched himself in Sao Paulo, Brazil, and is gaining forces every day. His object is to take Montevideo, Uraguay, and establish a new government.

In this he is aided by revolutionists in Rio Grande Do Sul, Brazil. The situation is so serious that the British warship Retribution has been sent over for the protection of British subjects there, and Italy has sent its warship Piemonte for the same purpose.

Brazil has still another internal heaving, a fanatic war led by Antonio Conselheiro, "The God Jesus." The plan of the fanatics is to kill the governmental head of each town, and place an apostle in power. In the fiercest conflict 200 fanatics were killed. The government lost ten in driving the rebels back into Matto Grosso.

The dispute over Corn Island is larger in its complications than in actual territory. Colombia and Nicaragua, Corn Island and the Mosquito territory belong, it is claimed, to Nicaragua. But Colombia wants to own them, as they were taken from her years ago. Colombia is slowly taking possession, but if she continues in her grab-island policy, she will have to fight San Salvador and Honduras, who favor Nicaragua. Relations here are so strained that even the government hardly knows the friendly powers.

In the old world horrid situations prevail; even Russia and Germany are two nations not fully at peace. The former has a recently discovered gang of Nihilists, the largest and most powerful in the reign of the present Czar, and Germany is agitated with its dynamiters. They have been tracked to middle Germany and are being arrested as fast as found. Dynamite works are being destroyed and dynamiters imprisoned.

In Armenia rapid reforms are going on, and the Powers have decided to let the Sultan alone for a while. He may turn over a new leaf. If he does not, it is said on good authority that the powers of Europe have decided to take Turkey away from him and divide it up.

This rumor has driven the Sultan so wild with anger that recently he imprisoned, fined and tortured in various ways influential members of the Huntschak and Proschak societies, so-called revolutionists. Meanwhile the people of Asia Minor are starving and drowning, and the stoppage of the Orient express prevents their cry of woe from reaching the outside world.

The situation in Africa is such that a speedy outburst is regarded inevitable. The Boers are still under arms, ever suspicious that another Jameson will arise and raid them, and to the west of them the Matabeles are sleeping on their clubs, and the Germans are pressing from the north.

The army of the Mahdi in the Soudan has its face pointed towards the Nile, down which the British troops steadily move. Menelik and the Abyssinians are on one hand of them, and the Ashanti on the other.

Any day the Mahdi, Menelik, the Ashanti and the Timbuctu may join forces to head off the British, who are creeping over stealthily southward toward the Soudan. Once in possession of the Soudan and they would give England a country richer than India; 1897 may see the decisive combat.

England and the Zulu tribe of Angoni are in the throes of war in Southern Africa. Although a smaller tribe, a hundred thousand good British subjects will be led to slaughter. A British mission station in Southern Africa has been burned and frantic dispatches sent to England for help.

The troubles of the Queen of Madagascar have begun again. An immense body of her subjects uprose at Antananarivo and drove the queen from her castle. The purpose of the uprising was to form a small separate government for the plunder of travelers, who, in Madagascar ethics, are thieves. England has her "weather eye" upon this island, and, it is maliciously stated by a French correspondent, secretly incites the revolutionists.

Most of the wars now going on are traced to love of gold. This is particularly the case with South American and African wars. In Cuba there is a sentimental element, that of freedom, outside of gold. Italy has recently joined the United States in championing the freedom of the little isle of Cuba.

Although the United States is free from actual slaughter, it is scowling at England over Venezuela. England wants the protocol modified, but Secretary Olney will arbitrate no further. Will England retreat? That is for 1897 to show.

Do You Use It?

It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

THE NEW CENTURY.

IT BEGINS ON FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1897.

An Error of Four Years in the Calendar—How the Mistake Arose.

There has been a good deal of discussion recently as to when the twentieth century begins, says the New York Herald. But this has turned simply upon a general question, Does a century begin on the year date when a change occurs in the third figure of the date—for example, does the eighteenth century begin on January 1, 1700, the nineteenth on January 1, 1800, and the twentieth on January 1, 1900? This point has now been practically settled. The centuries can not be rationally be reckoned in this way. Rightly speaking, the nineteenth century closes on the last day of 1900, from which it receives its name. The nineteenth century began just after midnight of December 31, 1800, it closes with midnight of December 31, 1900. The twentieth century, therefore, begins on January 1, A. D. 1901.

Now, it is pretty well established by the unpleasant class of people who deal in figures and don't care what long established principles they overturn that, properly speaking, next Friday will be January 1, A. D. 1901. 'Tis no longer a question as to whether the twentieth century begins in three or in four years from now. The point is that the twentieth begins next Friday.

How is this worked out?

Simply on the basis, which is now accepted by all careful chronologists, that an error has been made in the date of Christ's birth, so that in what is accepted as A. D. 1, or the first year of our Lord, Christ was, in point of fact, four years old. He was actually born in the year B. C. 5, or, in other words, in the fifth year before Christ, before Himself! That is the apparent mathematical paradox which the accepted chronology would force upon us.

How did the mistake occur? Very easily. The Christian era has its epoch or point of departure determined by the Gregorian rule, viz: "The years are denominated as years current from the midnight between December 31 and January 1 immediately subsequent to the chronological determination of the event by Dionysius Exiguus." Now, as Dionysius, the obscure author of this chronological scheme, lived in the beginning of the century, there was no exact determination of the epoch, and it can not, therefore, be so precisely formulated as other eras of less importance. It is generally agreed that the beginning of the era should have been fixed four years earlier, since Christ was born four years earlier than the date now settled on by the Christian calendar.

The proof lies in two main facts. One is the death of Herod the Great, which is known to have occurred 37 years after he had been declared king by the Romans. Now this declaration took place in A. U. C. 714. The initials A. U. C. stand for anno urbis condita, the year of the building of the city (by Romulus), which was the epoch whence the Romans computed time. Add 37 to 714 and you get A. U. C. 751, which corresponds with B. C. 4. It is obvious that Herod could not have died four years before Christ. Further, we know that there was an eclipse of the moon on March 12, B. C. 4, on which night Herod ordered some Jewish rabbis to be burned for urging their pupils to destroy his golden eagle, and that he was dead before the Passover, which took place on April 12, B. C. 4. Christ must, therefore, have been born before February, B. C. 4. The 25th of December, B. C. 5, would fulfil all historical requirements.

Our present reckoning, then, is just four years in error. It might, indeed, seem that it is five years instead of four, because the interval from a given given date in B. C. 5 to the same in A. D. 1 is five years. But a little thought will convince you that this would be still another error. Christ, it must once more be remembered, was born, according to our reckoning, in the concluding days of the last year of the old era, i. e., on December 25, B. C. 1. Now, B. C. 5 is the fourth year before that, so that if we could now revert to the correct year of the nativity, the present year, 1896, would be 1900, i. e., the nineteen hundredth year after the birth of Christ. At its close, nineteen centuries from that event would be completed, and the twentieth century would commence with next Friday, which would be called January 1, 1901.

The error, however, is not one that could easily be remedied. Nor, in view of the inconvenience which it would entail, is it worth remedying. To take just one such instance, think how every reference book, every history and every individual memory would have to be overhauled. Every event would have to be pulled just four years forward. A world in which America was discovered in 1496, in which the Mayflower landed in 1624, and the revolution broke out in 1780, would not be the same old world that we know and love.

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OFFER NO. S.—BLADE SPECIAL.

Open Face or Hunting Case, Waltham or Elgin Works—Be Sure to Name Your Choice When You Order.

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We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail to any of our subscribers for $20.

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No. 333 is one of the finest gentlemen's watches we have ever offered. The movements, either Waltham or Elgin, are full jewel, and are guaranteed perfect timekeepers. The case is of the finest gold-filled, and guaranteed to wear the same as solid gold for 15 years. The price of this watch in open face is $13.50, and in hunting case, $16.00.

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Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
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Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge.)
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and Death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
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Sleeves are one of the most important details of dress at present, the variation being more noticeable in them than in any other part of the toilette. No. 1 is a popular design adapted to all manner of weaves and textures. In the present instance the material chosen was oris-purple cloth. The shaping is effected with smooth under and full upper portion over fitted linings, so arranged as to flare stylishly above the elbow, the adjustment below being close. The wrists, completed by a circular cuff, may be plainly finished if preferred.

No. 2, developed in petunia glace silk, presents a snug fit from above the elbow to the wrist, which has a point extending over the hand in Venetian style. The puff is a continuation of the upper portion of the sleeve with the fulness of moderate dimension arranged on the front seam in deep plaits and on the back seam in close gathers. All seasonable fabrics will develop by either of these models. New sleeves in last year's bodice means a wonderful transformation. With the aid of well-fitting pattern old-fashioned sleeves may be readily modified. To make these sleeves for a lady in the medium size it will require one and three-eighths yards for No. 1 design, and one and five-eighths yards for No. 2 design, for 44-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 6913, is cut in sizes for a 32, 36 and 40-inch bust.

6913—Ladies' Sleeves.

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The short bolero or souave jacket is the most fashionable of this season's accessories. Here are shown two of the very latest designs, which we give as one pattern.

No. 1 is made of cream-colored satin-faced cloth, the revers and free edges being decorated with green braid interwoven with gold cord. The fronts are shaped in rounded outline and the back, of becoming length, is straight. The shoulders extend well over the dress sleeves and form pointed epaulets.

No. 2 is represented in beautiful two-toned velvet, combining the autumnal shades of green and red. The collar is of satin in the same deep red tint while the edges are outlined with fancy galoon in colors to correspond. The jacket is shaped by shoulder and under-arm seams, the fronts being slightly rounded, while the back is notched to a point in fish-tailed effect. The collar falls deeply over the shoulders and back in sailor style and extends down the front in slashed revers.

Any of the season's new fabrics will make stylish and attractive boleroes by the mode, plain colors being usually chosen in black, brown, dark green, steel or dove-gray, heliotrope, dahlia, pistache-green or cream satin worn with waists to match or correspond.

Not only will boleroes be found stylish in renovating last season's blouses and waists, but useful as well, for when made of cloth, velvet, etc., they will provide additional warmth.

To make No. 1 design it will require three-fourths of a yard of twenty-one-inch wide material, and to make No. 2 design it will require one and one-quarter yards of the same width material. The pattern, No. 6923, can be had in sizes for misses of ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years, and retails for twenty-five cents.

6923—MISSES' BOLEROS.

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Tobacco-brown cloth, velvet, braid and smoked pearl buttons are stylishly combined in this smart top garment. The picturesque hat of brown felt is trimmed with velvet-edged ribbon and black ostrich plumes.

The coat fronts are loose-fitting, closing in double-breasted fashion by three fanciful tabs at the top on the left side. The graceful and perfectly fitting back is shaped by seams which extend to the shoulders, which are concealed by straps of cloth applied in tailor fashion. The center-back seam is omitted (the newest wrinkle, by the way). Below the waist line the back is laid in deep box-plaits.

An attractive feature is the stylish collar, cut in deep slashes and outlined on its free edges with braid. It is so arranged upon a deep band as to provide the fashionable flare.

The one-seam gigot sleeves are of moderate but fashionable fullness, and are completed at the wrists by flaring cuffs of velvet to match the collar. Prettily shaped pocket-laps cover inserted pockets.

Melton, covert, whipcord and all regulation plain or mixed cloakings may be employed in making this stylish coat with decorations of fur, Astrakhan, braid, or plainly finished by machine stitching.

To make this jacket in the medium size it will require 2¾ yards of 54-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 6911, may be had in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure, and retails for 25 cents.

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MY SWEETHEART'S EYES.

Poets have written of Hope and Love,
Of the things of Earth and those above;
They've moaned of Folly and sung of Fame,
And covered with glory some great man's name.
They've chanted their praises of country and town—
Made for their history a wide renown.
Poets have sung of War and Peace,
They've told us Fiction—have told us some Truth—
Really, they've sung of all things, forsooth,
Unless, perhaps, by some luckless chance,
They've forgot to write of my sweetheart's glance.

Ah! mischief is in those eyes of brown,
And love is filling those eyes cast down,
And down in their depths, to guard her well,
Purity and Truth constantly dwell.
Those eyes speak words no tongue could form,
Words that are cold, or wise, or warm;
They've told me things I would never tell—
Said by the coming of May she'll—well,
I almost betrayed it, 'twould never do—
But I know she will, those brown eyes are true.

—London Daily Mail.

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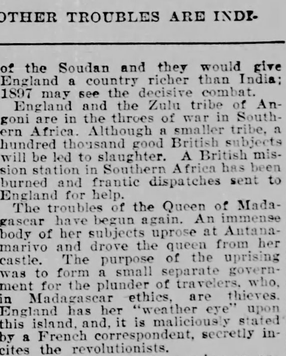


W. R. DAY.

Of Canton, O., who is believed by many to be slated for the position of attorney general in President-elect McKinley's cabinet.

SECURITY.

But as we talk'd, my spirit quaff'd
The sparkling winds; the candid skies
At our untruthful strangeness laugh'd;
I kissed with mine her smiling eyes;
And sweet familiarness and awe
Prevail'd that hour on either part,
And in the eternal light I saw
That she was mine; though yet my heart
Could not conceive, nor would confess
Such contentation; and there grew
More form and more fair stateliness
Than heretofore between us two.
—Coventry Patmore.

M'KINLEY'S HORSES.

Two Magnificent Browns to Draw Him at the Inauguration.

President-elect McKinley will probably have two of the handsomest horses ever seen in Washington. The late Gen. Joseph T. Torrence of Chicago possessed as fine a stable of horses as was owned in the Windy City. It was the General's intention before his death that two magnificent brown horses, the best matched pair in his stables, should be presented to Mr. McKinley to ride behind to the Capitol on inauguration day, in the event of his election. The General left no written will to this effect, but it is said that his daughter, Mrs. Magoun, who has come into possession of the estate, will probably carry out her father's wish and present the horses to the president-elect, and that they will take their place in the White House stables on the 4th of March.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

They stood at the altar one short year ago;
He vowed from the troubles of life to defend her,
To have her and to hold her for weal or for woe—
She spoke the responses in accents most tender.

To-night, in the gloom, they are sitting apart—
Oh! has all her wifely devotion been wasted—
She mopes there in silence, a pain at her heart
The lamps are unlighted, his supper untasted.

Their sky, erst all cloudless, is now overcast;
For joy there is sorrow, for gladness dejection;
The serpent has entered their Eden at last,
And left its dark trail on the flowers of affection.

Oh, well may there be in her bosom a pain,
A grief that she vainly endeavors to smother;
To-night he has told her, in language quite plain,
She can't cook his meals half as well as his mother!

—Boston Courier.

According to Hoyle.

Jack Suppe—I saw a queer little thing today. A blind girl and her aunty were coming up Broadway, when the blind girl slipped on a banana peel and fell, pulling her aunty with her. Along came a gambler, who added them to their feet.

King Pulle—How did you know he was a gambler?

Jack Suppe—Why, because he first raised the blind and then picked up the ante.—New York Journal.

Would Try Again.

Hatter—"I have tried the largest-sized hat in the store on you and it is too small. I can order one for you and have it come in about four days."

Cumso (who had been out with the boys the night before)—"Never mind going to that trouble. I'll call in to-morrow and try this one on again."—Norristown Herald.

All men should read Thos. Slater's offer on page 6.

He Was Grateful.

"Updike," said Fosdick, who had answered the telephone ring, "here's a message saying that your house is burning down."

"Thank heavens!" replied Updike, fervently.

"What makes you say that? Is it insured for several times its value?"

"Oh, no; but my wife has cards out for a pink tea to-morrow afternoon, and now she can't have it."—Judge.

Almost Betrayed Himself.

Johnny—Pa, gimme a quarter to go to the Bashy Bazooka.

Pa—No, my son, you musta't go there this week. The show isn't fit to be seen.

Johnny—How do you know?

Pa—Ain't I been there every ni—I mean a friend of mine told me so.—Cleveland Leader.

Improved Farms

In the Sunny South, from five dollars per acre up.

THE HOUSEHOLD

"Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.
'Tis loving and serving the highest and best,
'Tis onward unswerving, and this is true rest
And true rest is home."

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

OLD BACHELOR'S CHILDREN.

Old bachelors' children, Oh, what models are they,
Or will be, when they have some of their own;
How quiet they'll be, and how lovely, as well,
How for good graces they will always be known.
What pinks of perfection in conduct they'll be,
How bright, how deft and how clean;
How free from small vices and follies alway,
And nothing unpleasant or mean.

How modest, how courteous and pleasing,
How strong in good words and good deeds,
How perfect, and such as one reads of
In the novels, that a bachelor reads;
How they will be trained for the battle
Or life that's coming on by and by,
How they will walk in paths that are narrow,
And never get cranky or "high."

How they'll improve opportunities given,
How parents will rise up and be blest,
What patterns they will be for all others,
For emulation, and all of the rest
Of good things to look for in future,
Both of this world and also the next,
But the sermons the bachelor preaches
Is without this appropriate text:

"Don't count up your chickens while hatching,
Don't cross the stream till you reach it,
Take a lesson or two in experience,
And after writing your sermon, don't preach it,
Until you've lived the life of a parent,
And known young folk within and without;
Don't make a fool of yourself about children."

PAST AND TO COME.

WHAT CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR MAY MEAN.

The Service of Love and the Opportunity to Work Are Causes for Thankfulness.

Christmas and New Year!

Did it ever occur to you how significant is the fact that these two holidays which are meant to be so full of joy and promise come in the season of the year when, to most of us, there is the greatest need of the warmth and glow which thought for the happiness of others is sure to bring?

The summer is over and gone. The golden autumn has waned into the shadows of winter. The singing birds have flown far southward, and there is silence where but a few weeks ago their music cleft the air. The biting blasts of winter follow us wherever we go, until the home door—if we are so happy as to have a home—shuts them away from our presence. Gaunt and bare the trees stand motionless, or swing their limbs in dreary protest against the attacks of the wild winds that sweep down from the Northland.

It is true there are some compensations even for the lack of sunshine and warmth and beauty in the winter. Out of the grey sky there sometimes comes stealing downward the snow flakes in their myriad forms of beauty,and enfold Mother Earth in ermine. Fortunate again are we who see it falling thus, and not driven in wild fury until it gives us a blizzard's greeting.

It is in these days of outward gloom that the "merry Christmas season comes with its light and its cheer to help us chase dull care away. For at least a brief season, we may, if we will, forget the trouble and unrest, the sorrow and discontent that are everywhere,and which affect us all to a greater or less degree. In the thought of what Christmas means; in the joy of giving to those we love, and to those who need in proportion to our means; in speaking words of good cheer to those we meet; in inward rejoicing with such as rejoice; in tender, even though unspoken, sympathy with those who mourn; in all these things lie the means for the forgetfulness of which I speak.

It is a pity that so many of us have grown to look with cynical eye upon the season of Christmas giving; that we have allowed what should really be a joy to become a burden. If it be so to any among us, it is because there is something wrong within ourselves. We have gone far away from the spirit of the time; we have forgotten of what the day is a type; we have found trouble and weariness where there should be only pleasure. For just see what it may be made to signify—a centering of the desire of multitudes upon the thought of peace and good will to men,and love to all humanity. Knowing as we do, the mighty power of such thought concentrated,and we can understand what the effect must be, even though not directly traceable to its results.

The trouble is that we live in an atmosphere of doubt. We have no faith in things which are Unseen, and very little in those which are Seen. We look into the future with distrust. We suspect the motives of the greater part of the world, and perhaps justly, for the greater part of the world is working to carry out selfish purposes.

Look at Cuba to-day. Dominated by a power which has no moral right to maintain such dominance; drenched with the blood of her people, she needs to the utmost the Christmas good will and good wishes of all nations. In a lesser way is evident in many other places the same determination of the stronger to rule the weaker in the face of all protest , in spite of all effort.

To return to individual life and action. "What a Christmas tide this would be; what a New Year it would inaugurate, if each and all could but take the good of others to be his own; if he could truly and practically, in every detail of life, live in the service of love," writes Lilian Whiting in a recent letter.

What does this mean? Not any great or impossible thing truly, but only a daily and hourly thinking of the happiness of others instead of our own. Do we live "in the service of love?" I do not mean to ask if we serve those we love, but are we ready to help, in the name of Love, all with whom we come in contact, instead of considering how much "service" we may obtain from them? I wonder if we should go right down into the depths of our hearts, analyzing our motives, how many of our actions would have such a foundation. Let us try it in this week preceding the dawning of the New Year and see how it is with us all.

And then?

What will the outcome be should we discover what we are quite sure to find, that our best effort is most often for self?

We are too many of us like the little girl who went up into the attic of her country home and hung a stocking against the chimney there. Greatly to her grief Santa Claus passed it by. When questioned as to her reason for putting it in such a place, she said, between her sobs, that she thought Santa Claus would come to her stocking first, and would be so pleased to be saved the trouble of going farther down, that he would give her all he had to leave in that house. Poor little child! It sounds wofully selfish, but was it really more so than are the real motives which underlie many of the actions of her elders—actions which seem outwardly good and upon which we may pride ourselves, but which really rest upon the foundation of self?

The Christmas of 1896 is in the past. The year of 1897 is drawing near. We cannot help wondering what it contains for the nation, and what for us individually. Perhaps it is as well that we do not know.

Are we looking for prosperity, for great success, for happiness, for riches, for glory? Not a single one of these, perhaps, will come to us, and yet it may be a year which will bring a fuller, deeper joy in its finality than any other we have ever lived. The disappointments we may have to meet, the griefs we may have to endure are possibly only opportunities for greater growth in fireness and in strength.

Of one thing we are certain. There will be no end of chances to work, not alone for ourselves, not only for those we love, but for humanity. May it find us ready.

It may be that the hardest work of all is in waiting, that which lies in patience with our inability to perform. "Perchance only this is required of thee." Only this! To watch opportunities for service go swiftly by and be unable to seize the least. Can anything be harder? And yet even this may be the open door to the higher life, and so there is comfort.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

OUR COSY CORNER.

OLD WINTER'S COLD MAKES HOME FIRESIDES PLEASANT.

Let Us Gather Together and Talk Matters Over—Keep Hopeful and Courageous.

From South Carolina we receive a new member of our Cozy Corner, Mrs. E. R. A., who will, the editor hopes, call again and tell us of her Southern homelife:

As the editor has invited all friends of the Cozy Corner to an experience meeting, I thought it a good time to call.

I have a good deal to be thankful for, so much in fact that it is difficult to select anything in particular from the whole. God has given me health and strength to labor for loved ones, and has kept them from harm.

Can the editor tell what has become of Jennie J., that used to write from the pine woods of Washington? I have missed her writings for several years.

We have all missed Jennie, and would be glad to hear from her, or of her again.

Another woman who appreciates her reasons for thankfulness is Mrs. J. W. Rinker, who is a frequent and always welcome visitor with us:

I feel that I have an especial reason to be thankful that my health has been such that I could perform the duties incumbent upon me. Thankful that I have retained the use of my senses, intellect and reason.

While I send a warm greeting to all of the members of the Cozy Corner, I wish to send an especial one to our dear editor, who through her gifted mind has given to her readers noble and pure thoughts, which have been an inspiration to me, and instruction as well.

"A Sister," who was formerly a guest of the Blade Household, and who always brought with her sympathy for all who were were sad or afflicted, has returned to us to-day, and in all the time of her absence she has not changed in respect to the sympathy for those who need it. The editor trusts that having returne to us, she will not again leave us for so long:

It has been many years since I last visited the Household, yet I have been a reader of the Blade almost all of the time since then. I have not seen anything which moved me to say anything until I read Missouri Jay's plea for sympathy.

Missouri Jay, I sympathize with you, because I, like you, am alone. You and I and every one must live our lives alone. We often feel as if we must confide in some one, but I believe from experience that it is best to keep our heartaches to ourselves.

I think it is best not to bother our friends with our troubles, for perhaps they have troubles enough of their own, and they cannot help us, no difference how much they might sympathize with us. But there is one who can help us if we only ask him, and He will never tell, never betray our trust, and never fail to comfort us.

Albert Spinner, a little boy 13 years old," writes to the editor for information that will enable him to play chess. He reads the Blade every week, learns his Sunday School lesson from it, and likes the puzzles, though he confesses he cannot work them out.

He writes a very nice little letter, and the editor of the Cozy Corner would be glad to grant his request, if it were possible, but it would require too much space to give even the first instructions necessary. So she would advise him to buy some book treating on this subject. "Hoyle's Games" is a good one, and afterwards find some one who knows how to play, and so learn all about it.

Indeed, this is the only way in which you can learn this king of all games, the one game that depends solely upon skill and brains, and in which chance or trickery has no part.

Some time ago some one asked a question in this Corner, which has received no attention till this week, when Jay has sent her opinion. It would seem as if the question was of sufficient interest to call forth an expression from others:

To the question,"Who is the best woman, she who selfishly devotes her whole time to her own family or she who uses her mental knowledge amongst the ignorant?"

A woman with any special gift, whether of the mind, tongue, or hand to do good, should go where she can do most to better humanity.

Dryden says:—"Genius must be born and never can be taught." As so few come into life with any great talent to do, let them put this talent or gift, or whatever it is, to use.

"It seems to me politics should be most elevating, from the fact that the laws that govern our beloved country are made by politicians, then, surely, we women should want, and have, a say about the conditions that tell us what we shall and shall not do.

It has always been a mystery to me why "going out" to hold easy lucrative positions should be so much more degrading to woman than "going out" to wash, iron, or scrub, which has ever been considered woman's work. Why? Is the question before the sisters.

Aunt Fanny sends the following poem and accompanying letter, with a request that they be given in the Cozy Corner before Christmas so that every one may think of the sentiment expressed, during the "time of tender memories and good resolutions," that precedes this season, and among their gifts, may not forget the loving words of appreciation that will help some discouraged, weary, worker:

If I should die to-night
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And hold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

O, friends! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel-worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive! O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

I wish to call the attention of the readers of The Blade, in every department, to these verses and to beg of every one who reads them that they will heed them. Do not wait till your friend is past heeding, or needing your kind words. Your appreciation of his merits may be very great, but do not wait to express it till it will bring no comfort to him.

I know what it is to strive and to labor for weeks and months and even years, and have no word of approval or kindness spoken to cheer or encourage me to continue in my efforts to live aright. Sometimes I am so hungry for a word that will show me that the friends I love so dearly notice that I do all I can for them, that it seems as if I should die for the lack of it, but it never comes.

I overheard a stranger say to one of my family, on one occasion—"What a help your auntie must be, to do all she does for you?" "Oh, yes," came the answer. "Auntie is a great help. I do not know what we would do without her, but then, she likes to do these things."

Yes, I do like to do these things, and in my heart I am glad they consider me useful, but if they only would tell me so sometimes, it would be all the reward I would ever want, and perhaps when you read this, and the poetry I send, you may think of some of your friends who are like me.

Addie Covell, sends some bright, practical suggestions, especially to the younger members of our household, but they will also be of interest to the older people, to all who are ready to be helped by the experience of others:

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

We all have heard this song, and, mayhap, we have some time sung it ourselves when we really, for the moment, felt that it would be a desirable change from our life here, but there are very few who would, if the choice were given them, leave the United States and the pleasures thereof, for the sake of a crown and harp.

But why should we not begin the angelic life now? To be sure the men and women of this day would not be very congenial company for the angels, and we cannot hope to draw them down to us, but we can endeavor to lead such lives that will make us more like the angels. Let us, while surrounded by suffering mortals, do what we can to alleviate the evils, and in so doing win the crown that is waiting for us up yonder.

Strive, fight, run, endure, suffer, and be steadfast—and not idly sit down to wait for some "beautiful prince to come and carry you away to the palace."

Let your standard be fixed high as it may be, then come up to the mark.

Going to college is not essential though, if possible, by all manner of means, go, even though you must forge for yourself the armor with which to do battle. Don't leave the faith of your ancestors, and worship strange gods; don't be carried away with labor movements and woman's suffrage, at least, neither buy or digest a fourth part of what we want. And much of our influence depends upon what we read.

Girls must have a certain amount of history, and our newspapers supply this in a great degree.

Our novelists of "ninety six" are of the realistic order—an artist would call them of the "impassionist school"—taking society as it is commonly found, making their stories vivid, interesting, and at the same moment keeping abreast with the times.

There is much in the older novels to impress on the mind the events of past centuries, connected with the "Lords and Ladies" that seem not so dry as actual history. It is advisable for every girl to have her very own journal or magazine aside from the family papers, which should be thoroughly read in order to keep in touch with passing events.

I will suggest a small list of books, which seem to comprehend recreation with a store of useful knowledge. If carefuly read will last through the longest winter evenings, and the time will be well spent: John Halifax, Titus, Ben Hur, Vilette, Arthur Bonmeville, David Copperfield, Black Beauty, Barriers Burned Aaway, Last Days of Pompeii.

Lois sends some poetry for the Young Folks column, which very naturally expresses the feeling intended, but there are many things about the poem that will prevent us from using it. Lois writes very nicely in prose, but had better study a little longer before she attempts poetry. She should read the works of the standard poets and try to profit by their style. Not but what I think every one should cultivate an independent style of their own, but any young person can obtain much assistance by such a course of reading.

Modiste:—The name you have chosen is a French word and means a milliner. As you say, it is frequently used as a sign for a dressmaker's establishment, but it is not correct, and is never so used in France.

Blade Reader asks that some one will send her a recipe for a sure cure for chilblains.

Adele will find answer to her question in the Cook's department.

Mrs. H. C.:—To answer your question would require more space than we are allowed in this department, but your letter shall be handed to the editor of the question bureau for an answer.

Daphne has probably before this time received a private letter from the editor, as one was sent her some time ago.

The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true. When we want to go to a place, we don't ask whether the road leads through a pretty country, but whether it is the right road, the road pointed out by authority—the turnpike road.—Hare.

BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB

Discusses the Making of Numerous Pretty and Useful Articles.

Rose Madder sent some more contributions to the club's resources this morning, and took the opportunity to wish the editor a "very Happy Christmas and New Year;" a wish, which that member of The Blade's staff echoes most heartily, for Miss Rose and all other members of the club.

Ex-School-ma'am was on hand too with her "last batch of fancy work" before the holidays. Christmas is a busy time with her, she says, but she has found time to help this "rising institution" along very materially, and modestly hopes her "mite" may help some ore else to enjoy The Household as much as she does.

Gladys sent some very nicely illustrated descriptions of crepe paper work that will be given at an early date.

To-day the club listened to Marie, who demonstrated the evolution of a remarkably pretty

Splasher.

It was made of a piece of plain white table oil-cloth, cut to the required size and pinked at the edges.

A dainty spray of wild roses and leaves was painted across it, and bows

of pink and green ribbons conceal d the rings placed at the upper corners to suspend the splasher from tacks driven in the wall.

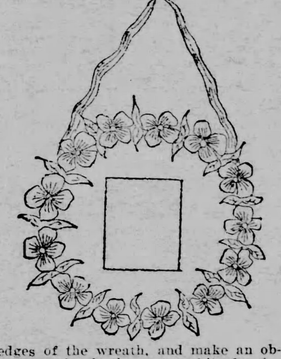
Similar bows finished the lower corners.

Ex-School ma'am brought a pretty fancy for a

Photograph Frame.

On heavy drawing paper or Bristol board, draw a wreath of flowers about six inches in diameter, using pen and ink, crayon, or water colors for the work as you may prefer.

Cut the paper away from the outer



edges of the wreath, and make an oblong opening in the center of it of a size to suit the photograph you wish to frame.

Lay the wreath on another piece of paper, mark around it carefully and cut out the second piece to form the back of the frame.

Put the photograph between the two pieces and glue or stick them together. Suspend by a ribbon.

Cleo Davis happened in, as the Schoolma'am was talking, and gave an additional hint for the benefit of those who, like herself, cannot draw or paint. She said:

Very pretty roses may be made of half a dozen pieces of pink crepe paper cut four inches long by an inch wide, doubled to one-half their length and arranged in the form of a rosette, the center covered with a small crinkled round of yellow tissue paper.

If a frame like the one described by the Schoolma'am was first covered with white crepe paper and then trimmed with a closely joining row of these roses (which must be fluffed up, or picked out, over the rounded end of a hat pin) it would be very ornamental, and easily made by any one.

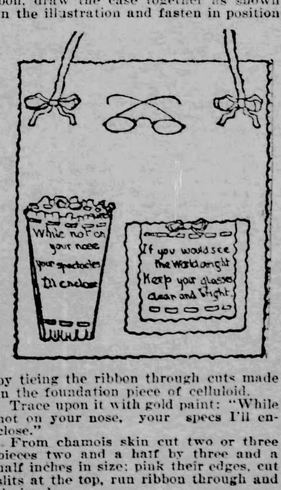
M. E. R. filled a long-felt want by telling us how to make a

Spectacle Case.

Take a piece of pale green celluloid 5½ inches wide and 7 inches long. Heat a curling iron just warm enough to crimp the celluloid to a depth of one-half inch from the edge all around.

For the case, cut a piece of celluloid five inches square, sloping the sides to a width of four and one-half inches at the lower edge; flute the upper and lower edges, and cut a row of small parallel slits about an inch from the top and bottom.

Through these slits run pink baby ribbon, draw the case together as shown in the illustration and fasten in position



by tieing the ribbon through cuts made in the foundation piece of celluloid.

Trace upon it with gold paint: "While not on your nose, your specs I'll enclose."

From chamois skin cut two or three pieces two and a half by three and a half inches in size; pink their edges, cut slits at the top, run ribbon through and tie in place.

This may be adorned with the following motto: If you would see the world aright, keep your glasses clean and bright. The upper part of the foundation is decorated with a sketch of the glasses themselves, and is furnished with suspension ribbon and full bows.

Frances Allen was crocheting diligently upon a

Baby's Blanket.

which she said might serve either for the bath or as a carriage afghan.

It was made of double Germantown wool in white and blue; white and pink, or any preferred colors may be substituted.

With a coarse crochet hook make a long chain and work in single crochet, taking up only the back loop of the stitch to give a ridged effect. At the seventh stitch of the chain put in two stitches, and at the 14th skip a stitch and so on throughout. This alternate widening and narrowing makes a series of vandykes which are very handsome. Three ridges of white and three of the color alternating look well, and no fringe is necessary.

"Be such a man, live such a life, that if all lives were like yours, earth would be Paradise."—Phillips Brooks.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

"Some Eat to Live; Others Live to Eat."

Mrs. Lemcke, in one of her cooking lectures says that: "Agreeableness is of untold value in any man or woman and that wholesome, well cooked food is largely conducive to it." She further says that although some people are born cranks whom it is impossible to please, they are far less "cranky" when well fed, and that we need never look for agreeableness in a woman who habitually has a luncheon of toast and tea.

If women would take half the pains to become acquainted with the proper food necessary for the physical requirements of their families, and the proper method of cooking the food, as they do to other means of making themselves agreeable, the result would be astonishing.

Many a woman is considered a "good cook" because she has good bread, delicious desserts and "never fails with her cake," but she uses the same kind of food day after day; year in and year out, never giving a thought, to whether it is the kind needed to properly nourish the different members of her family, or not. She cooks beef, pork, mutton and fowls, and all must eat what is put before them, or go without.

The result is often that while the food preserves life, it does not give the strength and health it should, because we are not all alike in our requirements.

One may need that which will produce flesh, others must have help for physical strength and the brain-worker must have food that will help to renew the "gray matter" they use so freely for the benefit of others.

The wise housekeeper will give her attention to these points and study to cater to the needs of each member of her family, while the foolish woman will think with the man I read of a while ago. His wife was sick, and a neighbor suggested that she needed some nourishing food. "Needs food," said the fond husband, "I guess that while I have six barrels of the nicest mess pork you ever saw, in my cellar, that my wife will never go hungry." And he thought he had settled that question.

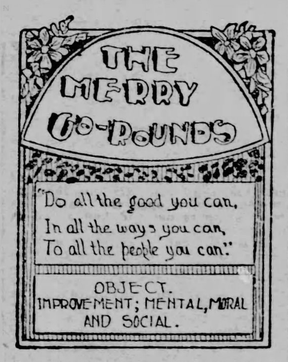
When our cooks come to an understanding of this part of their work, when to be a good cook means more than to be able to "tickle the palate" with dainty dishes, then will cooking become an art, and it will be considered an honor to belong to the guild of cooks; and we can then not only eat to live, but eat to live properly, and we shall all be "agreeable" because we shall all be well fed in the truest sense of the word.

In answer to several inquiries for a recipe for an English plum pudding, I give one sent me by Mrs. Lou Boyd, who tells me that this recipe has been an heirloom in her family for over a century. For those who object to the use of wine and brandy the use of lemon and orange juice can be substituted.

English Plum Pudding.

One pound raisans stoned and chopped fine; 1lb., crushed sugar; ¾ lb., flour; 1 beef suet shredded and chopped very fine; 1 lb., crushed sugar; ¾ lb., flour; 1 tablespoonful salt; 1 teaspoonful ground ginger; 1 teaspoonful allspice; ½ teaspoonful ground cloves; 8 eggs, the whites of six to be omitted; 1 gill brandy; 1 gill sherry wine. Mix the fruit, suet, spices and flour thoroughly with the hands, then stir in the brandy, sherry and the grated rind of 1 lemmon. Butter a strong, pudding bag pour in the mixture and tie tightly. Place in a deep kettle of boiling water and as the succes of this pudding depends upon its boiling constantly, the kettle must be replenished with boiling water as needed. If boiled in one pudding it will require ten hours of constant boiling, if in two parts, six hours will be sufficient. Let it stand for five minutes out of the water before turned out of the cloth. The ingredients should be mixed the night before they are cooked. This pudding will keep for six months , or a year, in a cool, dry place, and grows better with age.

This might be made in small molds and steamed, which would make it more convenient for modern cooking.



Among those who were strangers to the Merry-Go-Rounders, this morning, but who are now of them, we greet a Badger School Teacher, who gave her name, county and state, but neglected to give the name of the city where she is helping to make the world better by teaching little "Badgers;" Launcelot, of Missouri, who was accompanied by Ineda, of Illinois, and Augusta C., of Iowa; Prairie Nell, of Minnesota, brought with her a sweet White Rose from Pennsylvania, and a "Fiddler" from Missouri made music for all.

All are very welcome, and Miss Prudence hopes to hear from them often, and now informs them, in answer to their inquiries that the President of Missouri is Miss Flora Culver, Dawn, Mo., and that of Iowa is Miss Carrie Kepner, Independence, Iowa. Each correspondent in any department of The Blade is requested to sign their name to every letter they send; all communications should be addressed to Toledo Blade, with name or initials of the proper department, written in the lower left hand corner of the envelope. Do not send letters addressed to "Miss Prudence," or the "School Mistress;" all mail is to be sent to The Blade, and will be properly distributed at this office.

White Rose writes a very nice letter; she need never fear the waste basket as long as she does as well as this.

Missourian asks that Bonnie Burnie come often as he has missed her. There are 69 members in your state, Missourian.

Lois sends lively greetings to Sam Igelus, Raven and Bonnie Burnie. After we are done with the answers to the November question we shall have space to give these letters from the members in full.

Scratcher, Kansas, thinks the M. G. R. column very satisfactory, and suggests that the girls and boys show their appreciation of Miss Prudence's efforts to please them by endeavoring to make it better than ever next year.

A suggestion that Miss Prudence joins in making.

Little My, Ill., does not believe in a bloomered-political woman, as representative of the new woman, but thinks women should have some knowledge of the affairs of the world, outside of that pertaining to "flesh-forks" and "mush-paddles," and other kitchen utensils.

M. C. Kyle, president for West Virginia, sends the following to his constituents:

Dear M. G. R's. of West Virginia, I wish to say to you one and all that now the election being over, and having nothing to excite our minds during the long winter evenings, we should strive to make the column as interesting and entertaining as possible. I confess that since my appointment as your president, I have been very neglectful of my duties, but promise to do better in future. You, too, have been negligent, doubtless more interested in politics than anything else—but I hope to see you come to the front, and make a good record for our little mountain state. Very truly, M. C. Kyle.

In answer to the November question, we will listen to-day to:

Takigrafer, Neb.:
1. A true Christian character.
2. Good health.
3. Perseverance.
4. A pleasing address.

Sunflower Kid:—Sociability, Economy, Benevolence and Good, Common Sense.

Miss Addie Williams, Ohio:—Good judgment, force of character, strong capability and plenty of magnetism.

Southerner, Tex.:—A sound literary education, energy, adaptation to the needs of the people and the ability to be liberal acu yet not extravagant.

Photographer:—A good, all-around education, cautiousness and good judgment, strong determination and executive ability and irreproachable moral character.

It seems as if Photographer has counted six, instead of four, qualifications, but they are all such as would help a person along.

Macbeth, Pa., thinks honesty, good moral character, a good education and plenty of self-reliance will be most needed.

Little My would require a business man or woman to be possessed of education, promptness, honesty and ambition.

Major O.:—Honesty, sobriety, persistence and economy.

Virginia Charlie:—Industry, will, determination and virtue.

Peggy Short:—Intellect, ambition, perseverance and temperance.

Phrenologist;—Continuity, firmness, judgment and honesty.

Lenore:—Practical talents, self-reliance, energy and perseverance.

These four were sent by the Virginia president, Miss Nora Williams. The South Dakota president sends answers from two members:

Forest Neely:—Honesty, uprightness and straightforwardness.

Mollie Moore:—Genial, honest, industrious. This will make business a grand success.

Grandpa No. 2, after a long absence, comes again and gives, as the opinion of an ex-soldier, and a man of more than three-score years'experience in this world, that honest dealing with all, order, punctuality and stick-to-it will bring success and satisfaction to the business man.

Thelma, Mich.:—Once more we jump on the merry-go-round" for a ride and a chat with our friends. Let us not stop for cold weather even if we do get fanned by the sharp air as we sail around.

My home is in the southern part of Michigan, and as it is on the shores of a lake the chill breezes remind us of winter.

Oh, boys! You conceited creatures! Strive to attain a high position in life to be worthy of us girls, rather than exbort us to become fit sharers of your distinguished lives!

Now, honestly girls (out of hearing of the boys), don't you agree with me? I know you do. I believe Miss Prudence will say the same unless she has a "better half" of her own, and so of course agrees with his version of the subject.

How would it seem to you, Thelma, if Mr. Prudence believed as you do, and lived up to his belief? Would it be more than could be expected of a man? Here is a letter from West Virginian which may be of interest in this connection:

I heartily agree with N. E. Girl that we young men are in need of improvement. We never have professed to be perfect, but the trouble is we don't know what you girls mean by improvement, whether you mean for us to improve financially or in some other way is the question to us. Therefore, I think it would be a good idea for the young lady members of the M. G. R. to give us some instructions in the way we should go, and we will assure you that we will profit thereby.

I wish to ask the M. G. R.'s a question for information:

Of what general was it said "he sat on his saddle, but not on his horse, viewing the field of battle?"

This question was asked at the teachers' institute last summer, but no one present could answer it.

Dakota Schoolma'am has asked a pertinent question which we should consider carefully and then resolve that we will all try our very best to make the M. G. R. better in 1897 than ever before, and by so doing relieve Miss Prudence of her discouragement.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and I look forward with the brightest hopes to the new year, that prosperity will return to our country.

AN EXPLANATION.

Miss Bouton, having received some inquiries regarding the Arena advertisement of $1.25 for her book, Life's Gateways, desires to make this explanation: It belongs to the Arena Library Series in which the price of the volumes is always $1.25, but she expressly stipulated that hers should be sold for $1, so as to place it within reach of a greater number of her Blade friends. The appearance of the book was delayed, and at the last moment of getting out the advertisement, those having that part in charge, not knowing, through the illness of the business manager, of the stipulation, made the usual price. Life's Gateways will, however, be sent postpaid for $1.00.

A PROPOSAL IN FOUR QUESTIONS.

"Can you?" he asked with pending voice,
"Can you, and make my heart rejoice?"
Coolly and calmly waves her fan;
Calmly and coolly it comes: "I can."

"Do you?" he asks in a trembling tone,
"Do you, and love but me alone?"
Looking at him with eyes so blue;
Slowly but truly it comes: "I do."

"Will you?" he asks with bated breath.
Silence reigns, it is still as death.
"Will you?" he queries lower still,
Softly and sweetly it comes: "I will."

"May I?" with joyful voice he said.
Quickly the pretty face grows red;
"May I?" again he needs must say.
Trembling and blushing she says: "You may."

—Harlem Life.

MY LADY TIPPET.

My lady's tippet is of gray,
And gray her eyes and gray her muff—
A mousie sprite with winning way,
She peeps from o'er a velvet ruff.

My Lady Tippet has a grace
No queen could copy if she tried,
While eyes of gray ne'er looked from face
So charming and so beautified.

Her laugh is like a silver bell
That tinkles in the frosty air;
Her smile is like a fairy's well,
Reflecting all the witchcraft there.

Her step is soft, her touch is light—
As soft and light as eider-down—
And sweet her ways which make me knight
And bid me for her win renown.

My Lady Tippet loves me true—
She tells me so in tender wise
Whene'er she gives the kisses due
To prove the love that underlies.

And I?—ah me! no cloud I heed,
Since she brings sunshine every day;
But life would be a blank indeed
Without the child in tippet gray.
—Franklyn W. Lee, in Whispers of Woe Ones.

HOW DEE REMEMBERED.

She Made a Practical Application of a Story.

"Trismas tummin, Trismas tummin," sang our 3-year old baby Dee shrilly, as she industriously dressed her family of dolls and then, setting them in a row on the floor, spread the tiny sheets and quilts on the three little beds.

"What is Christmas, Dee Baby?" asked papa as he came in, and, catching up the wee maid, kissed her on rosebud mouth and dimpled cheek.

"Trismas is tandy day, tandy all day. Ben said so," wound up baby triumphantly, for 5-year old brother Ben was Dee's authority in everything. With a laugh and a good-bye kiss, papa left her among the dolls chanting her little "Trismas tummin," while he went to the office.

The few remaining days before Christmas passed only too slowly, but Christmas eve finally came, and mamma, with her baby in her lap, and Ben's curly head nestling against her knee, sat in the firelight and told her children the old, sweet story over again, the story of the Christ child of love, and the wonderful shining star which guided the shepherds to his lowly manger bed; such a sweet story that it never grows old, for Ben, who had heard it every Christmas eve since he was two years old, was more interested than ever, and Dee's brown eyes grew wide and thoughtful as she listened, for though she had heard it the Christmas eve before, of course such a little girl could not remember so long.

And so, my darlings, it isn't so much the candy, the pretty presents, or the Christmas dinner that we must think of to-morrow as the dear little baby whose birthday it will be. It is for His dear sake that we give the presents and come together to eat our Christmas dinner. Do not forget the little Christ child, my darling," said mamma as she finished her story.

"Nice ittle baby; wis' I could see him and play wiv him," murmured Dee as mamma tucked her into bed after the little stockings had been hung up in anticipation of a visit from Santa Claus. Then in five minutes she was fast asleep, her dreams a blissful mingling of stars, babies and chocolate candy.

Morning dawned sunshiny and clear.

"Well it doesn't seem like Christmas," everyone said as they met; for there was no snow at Christmas this year, and the air seemed almost warm.

All of the aunts and uncles and cousins came early to have dinner with grandpa and grandma, and, as Ben and Dee with their papa and mamma lived there too, the two little people kept themselves busy running from window to window watching for newcomers until every one had come. Then what a good time everyone had! Grandpa and grandma and the aunts and uncles and grownup cousins visited while the children played games and ate candy and nuts and oranges until all of the mammas said that if they did not stop, they would not want any dinner.

No one noticed the half surprised, thoughtful look which came into Dee's eyes just then as though she suddenly remembered something half-forgotten or they would have watched her; for this wee lassie took strange freaks into her pretty little head sometimes.

No one noticed when she disappeared, and as the house was large with so many rooms, no one missed her.

In another half-hour dinner was ready, and all of the mammas began to gather their little flocks together.

"Why Ben! where's baby?" inquired Ben's mamma when she finally found him playing leap frog with two other five-year-olds in grandma's best bedroom.

"I don't know; in one of the other rooms I guess," was Ben's answer shouted over his shoulder, as he raced off to get a seat near grandpa and the big turkey.

But Dee was not in one of the other rooms.

The Christmas dinner was left smoking on the table while everyone searched the house high and low calling all of the little pet names over and over. Mama began to look pale and frightened as no trace of her missing baby could be found.

"Guess I'll go out to the barn and look," said papa in a rather trembly voice.

"Why Harry, do you think she would go out there?" asked mamma in a voice still more trembling.

"We'll see, anyway," and followed by a troup of anxious relatives, they started for the barn

"The door has been left open a little; she may have squeezed in there," said someone in an attempt to be hopeful.

"Dee Baby, are you here?" called papa as he stepped up into the door.

"Es, here I is, papa," answered a little muffled voice, and a rather woebegone little face peeped over the edge of the hay loft. "I couldn't det into the manger 'tause there was so many horses, so I tum up here."

Didn't papa hurry to take her down, and didn't she get more kisses than she ever had before at one time?

"But, darling, why did you want to get into the manger?" asked mamma after they had returned to the house and everyone was at the table making up for lost time.

"'Tause you said not to forget 'bout the "little babe in the manger, and I fought I tould 'member better if I dot in it, too; but I was 'fraid and lonesome and told."

Then poor little Dee Baby had to have another hugging and kissing before she could finish her dinner.

Now mamma is careful when she tells stories to Dee and tries not to put any more funny ideas into the little head. And still she thinks she is the sweetest, cunningest little thing that ever lived. And so do I; and don't you, too?

P. V. D.

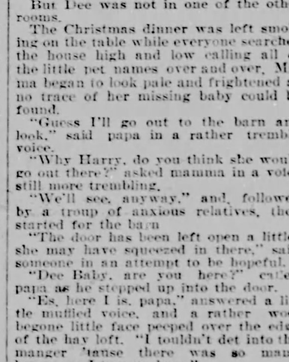
AN ADVENTURE.

How I Hugged the Dog and What Came of It.

A number of years ago, back in the fifties, in the town of Conneaut, O., when I was a little girl, my people lived on the corner of Liberty street and Wright's avenue, and my playmate, Hattie Wright, (who died some years ago I have heard, but do not know it for a fact,) lived on the corner of Main street and Wright's avenue.

We met on Main street, as usual, to roll our hoops, (our favorite pastime), and had played together some time when we loitered for a rest in front of the Lake House, a quiet hotel, kept by one Laphna Lake. I mention his name in particular for there are many in Conneaut who may read this paper, that may remember him in the time long gone by.

While we were in front of the hotel



there came up a handsome gray horse, and covered buggy, containing two gentleman who stopped near where we were loitering.

They hitched their horse and went into the hotel to get information in reference to the road to Girard, a town some fifteen miles beyond.

While the gentlemen were in the hotel I, child-like, noticed that the handsome dog they had with them had been left in the buggy.

I asked Hattie if he was not a beauty, and she thought the same as I, but mind you, she didn't venture near, because she always was afraid of her shadow. While we were admiring him, he jumped out of the buggy. I saw that he had a collar on, and that the chain fastened to the collar was also fastened to the buggy, so he could not get very far away.

Of course I loved all dogs, cats, (speaking of cats, didn't I have an old cat, and five kittens at home in a basket that required much of my precious time?) and all four-footed domestic animals that I could pet.

I was not long in rushing up to the big shaggy dog and, "Oh! see Hattie, what somebody has done sometime, they have cut off his tail, and only left a little bit. Wasn't that awful?"

Immediately I put both arms around his neck to love and pity him, and, it must say, I met my match for once in my life) for he stood on his hind feet to return my love with a tremendous hug.

Almost in a twinkling out came the two gentlemen, each bent on reaching us in haste. I felt the firm grasp of one gentleman, while the other reached for my pet, and in a few moments we were separated.

"Oh! say, little one, it's lucky for you that we were in sight, for you would have been hugged to death in a little while," said the gentleman who had hold of me.

After separating us, I could hardly breathe for a while, but not knowing my danger, child-fashion, I said, it is a pretty dog."

"Dog!" exclaimed he, "Why! it's a young bear that we are taking to Dan Rice, the showman."

From my earliest recollection I had heard of Dan Rice, and no man could be much more in this world than he was. So well known he was to all of us children in Conneaut, that we thought he must be a great hero. The president of the United States would have stood no chance beside him, in our estimation. So much for children's admiration.

Sure enough it was a half-grown bear from somewhere in Michigan that they were taking to Girard to sell to the old showman.

"Now, little one! don't you ever try to pet a bear again, for you may get killed sometime," and they both gave me a lecture for my future guidance.

The gentlemen mentioned drove off, after putting Mr. Bear in the buggy. I always thought after that, that if all bears were as nice, and pretty as that shaggy black fellow was, I should admire them instead of being afraid of them. I must admit I should rather not be hugged quite so closely.

Whether Dan Rice bought the bear, I never knew, but one thing is sure, I shall never forget the first bear I ever saw. It was many years before I could realize the danger I had been in by hugging the dog with a short tail.

My father (G. R. L. Baker) was in California at that time, and when he came home, and told stories of his overland route, nothing amused me as did the part where they came across bears, and other wild animals, but Indians were a perfect horror to me.

I have used no fictitious names and I do not doubt but what

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

AWFUL DISASTER.

Train Dropped More Than One Hundred Feet.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 28.—Fiends in human form wrecked Birmingham mineral passenger train No. 4 at Cahaba River bridge, twenty-seven miles from here, at 7:50 yesterday morning, and many lives were lost. Twenty-one bodies have been recovered from the wreck, and further search may swell the list of dead.

The wreck is regarded as almost certainly accomplished by the removal of a rail on the middle span of the trestle. This derailed the train, and it was precipitated into the river 110 feet below. The wreck was the worst that has ever occurred in the state, and the survivors are so few and so badly hurt that they are unable to give any detailed description of how it all happened.

It is not known, and may never be ascertained just how many passengers were on the train. Most of them were miners and residents of mining towns in this district, who had round trip holiday tickets, and were returning to their homes along the line of the Birmingham Mineral Railroad. Conductor A. P. Connell,who probably knew better than anybody else as to how many passengers were aboard, is dead. It is thought, however, that there were not exceeding twenty-five or thirty. But one passenger purchased a ticket at Birmingham.

Site of the Wreck.

Six miles south of Gurney is the Cahaba River, a shallow mountain stream, which has a depth at this time of only about three or four feet. The river is spanned by an iron bridge with wooden trestles on each side. Its entire length is 800 feet, and the length of the main span, where the wreck occurred is 110 feet. The bridge was built only four years ago, and was regarded as a very strong structure. The main span, and the span just beyond it, both made of iron, gave way and precipitated the entire train into the river. The engine landed on its side almost at right angles with the track. The cars piled upon each other through the main span. The entire wreck took fire soon afterwards, and was rapidly burned to the water's edge.

Nine persons alone escaped alive from all who went down, and several of them will probably die.

The first news of the wreck was brought to Hargrove, a telegraph station four miles from the Cahaba River, by a farmer, who said that while passing near the place he heard a crash. Going nearer he saw the two spans of the bridge broken out. He then discovered the burning wreck in the shallow water below. He could hear the screams of the wounded and dying, but without waiting to see further, he rode his horse rapidly to Hargrove, where the operator telegraphed for relief to Birmingham and Blockton. Meanwhile a few country people gathered at the scene to render what aid they could, but it was too late to do much.

Burned Up in the Wreck.

Nine people had gotten out and the others had been burned up in the wreckage. When the relief train from Birmingham arrived there was little need for the army of physicians that had gone along. The wounded were carefully attended to, and then sent to Blockton for further attention. The work of taking out the dead was entered upon. Nothing was left of the wreckage but the smouldering remains, which had been burned to the water's edge. Charred corpses were picked up between the iron framework where the seats had been. Most of the bodies had been burned beyond recognition. Some had their heads burned off, and of others nothing was left but the mere skeleton.

Of the survivors Sam Spencer was the only one of the train crew that escaped alive. He was the colored fireman. He jumped from the engine while it was in mid-air and landed in the water some distance from where the engine fell. His only injury was a broken arm. He left the scene for Blockton on foot, almost immediately after the wreck, apparently crazed with fright. The railroad officials have not yet been able to see him and get a statement. Of the eight other survivors three were children, all of whom had their feet burned and mashed, and a woman who had both feet crushed. Their names have not yet been learned. It is thought that fully three-fourths of the dead were killed outright in the crash, while the other five were pinioned down and cremated. The flames had completed the work of destruction before any help arrived. The country around the scene of the accident is sparsely settled, and the few farmers who heard of the wreck and went to the scene arrived too late to be of any assistance except to the survivors.

Fiends Robbed the Dead.

Dr. Ray, a Blockton physician who attended Gardner, telegraphs the statement made by Gardner as to the cause of the wreck. Gardner says when he felt the cars leave the track he looked out and saw three savage-looking men rushing from a hiding place down toward the water's edge, and that after the wreck they went through the wreckage, robbing the dead and wounded, and then fled to the woods. They did their work quickly, and offered no assistance whatever in the way of rescuing the imprisoned and injured passengers. This story, however, has not yet been corroborated, but other facts tend to show that the disaster was the work of train wreckers.

An examination of the engine shows that Engineer White had shut off the steam and reversed before it went down, indicating that he saw danger ahead as he approached the bridge, and tried to stop his train. His charred body was found with his hand on the throttle.

Rail Was Removed.

The survivors all agree that the train left the track and bumped along the ties and then with a crash plunged through the bridge. Expert engineers say there is every indication that a rail was removed, which derailed the train and caused it to pull down the bridge. The crossties show marks of the wheels.

To add to this is the fact that three men tried to wreck a Southern railway train near Henry Ellen, 15 miles east of here, five days ago, by removing a rail on a trestle 90 feet high. The fast express left the track, but the engineer managed by superhuman efforts to stop it before it tore down the trestle. This was regarded as a most remarkable escape. In this case three men were seen running from the place and a crowbar with which the spikes had been withdrawn was found. The scenes of both accidents are in a wild mountainous country.

NO ADVERTISEMENTS.

Are Allowed on Coins of the United States.

Lexington, Ky., Dec. 23.—Several local firms last week placed orders for advertisements to be placed on silver coin. However, the adds are not now likely to appear. The Treasury department was advised of the intention of the merchants, and there were received in Lexington letters of warning. The use of "stickers" or "labels" on coins for advertising purposes is construed to be a violation of Section 5459 of the Revised Statutes of the United States,which imposes a heavy penalty for "defacing coin."

Miss Frances E. Willard.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 26.—A special to the Commercial from Warsaw quotes Dr. Green, the physician in attendance on Miss Frances E. Willard at the Castile Sanitarium, as saying that although her condition as present is serious, he is sanguine that she will be fully restored eventually, but she will have to remain at the sanitarium some months for treatment.

All of Miss Willard's engagements, including her California trip, where she expected to be about February 1, have been canceled.

Would Be Senator.

Hailey, Ida., Dec. 24.—Judge Angel, of Hailey, has announced himself a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Senator Dubois. Judge Angel is a Populist.

Housewives Can easily chop meat for sausage and mince-meat, hamburg steak, suet, corn for fritters, scrap meat for poultry, hash, beef for tea, etc., with the

ENTERPRISE MEAT CHOPPER

—TINNED—

The Most Effective Chopper Ever Made.

No. 5, chops one pound in a minute, $2.00. No. 10, chops two pounds in a minute, $3.00. Larger sizes described in our Catalogue. Ask your dealer.

Send two 2c stamps for the "Enterprising Housekeeper," 200 recipes.

The Enterprise M'f'g Co. of Pa., Phila., Pa.

JUAN FERNANDEZ SUNK.

Robinson Crusoe's Famous Abode Has Disappeared.

San Francisco, Dec. 24.—A few weeks ago a vessel putting in at Lisbon after a trip around Cape Horn, reported the destruction by volcanic action of the Juan Fernandez island, famous as the fabled home of Robinson Crusoe. The master claimed to have seen the catastrpohe from the deck of his vessel. The report was not given credence at the time by scientific men,and many denials are printed in papers and magazines. But Capt. Powells, of the British ship James Kerr, now in port, asserts that the story is generally believed by seafaring men all over the world. The James Kerr recently arrived from Newcastle, N. S. W., where she was laid up four months on account of the coal strike. Capt. Powells met a very large number of master mariners there, and says that the destruction of the island was a matter of common gossip among them. The captain himself has not passed within sight of the island since 1880, when he secured an excellent photograph of it from the deck of his ship. He says that some of the captains who arrived in Newcastle while he was there, verified the report that the island was missing.

DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE.

Woman Loads a Christmas Tree With Frankfurter Sausage.

New York, Dec. 28.—In Mrs. J. Dunn Walton's apartment at 38 West Sixty-fourth street Pet and Trix gave a Christmas festival Christmas night. Pet and Trix are water spaniels, brother and sister.

With the docility of doves and engaging affectionate manners that education has made polished and refined, they went to the door and received with courtly bows Miss Myer's skye terrier, and one by one the fox terriers of Mrs. Dunsmore, Mrs. Donaldson, Mrs. Aldrich and Mrs. Gilbert, and escorted them to chairs around a square table, upon which stood an evergreen tree. There was an archangelic dog at its top, with a flaming sword, instead of the Michael of the golden legend, or the ballet dancer of the new pagans. There were garlands of frankfurter sausages in the branches, illuminated by pink mica lanterns and ornamented with cake, candy and crystallized fruits.

The guests of Pet and Trix had a supper of candy, cakes and ice cream served to them by beautiful women in evening dress. They drank crystal water from saucers of sevres and limoges. They were entertained with quadrilles, danced by women to the music of a chorus of women. The guests of Pet and Trix went home with new ribbons and bouquets of violets. They were invited to come again on New Year's night.

ELECTOR NOT ELIGIBLE.

Kansas Man Found to Be an Army Deserter.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 28.—Kansas is entitled to ten votes in the electoral college, but it is likely that she will cast but nine for W. J. Bryan, on account of the fact that one of her electors is a deserter from the Union army, and therefore not qualified to serve.

The records in the office of the adjutant general of Ohio show that W. H. Linton, of Cherryvale, whom the fusionists chose as one of their electors, deserted from the Thirty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry in Louisville, Ky., June 12, 1865. He enlisted Nov. 28, 1864, as a substitute, for whom and for what compensation the records fail to show.

Mr. Linton does not deny the charge that he is a deserter, and leading Kansas and Washington attorneys say that there is no question that under the constitution of Kansas, which prevents deserters from voting or holding office, he is disqualified from serving as elector. Steps will be taken to prevent him taking part in the electoral college.

A FLOODED MINE.

It Is to Be Pumped Out and Worked Again.

San Fancisco, Dec. 23.—The Allison ranch mine which was a quarter of a century ago, one of the best producing mines in the vicinity of Grass Valley, is to be reopened and worked to its fullest capacity. The mine is now owned by John W. Mackay and James L. Flood.

The Allison ranch mine has a unique history. In 1866 it led all Nevada county mines and two years later it had paid over $3,000,000 in dividends. One day a miner's pick tapped a vein of water and in a few minutes the mine was flooded. The water poured in in such volume that it was abandoned. That was twenty-eight years ago and all that time the mine has remained full of water. Eight years ago Mackay and Flood secured control and now they propose to pump the mine out. A pumping plant with a capacity of a million gallons a day will be put to work on it to commence February 1. It is estimated that it will take two years to clear the mine.

TWO WOMEN.

Complete a Long Tramp Across the Continent.

New York, Dec. 24.—Mrs. H. Estby and her daughter, Clara, 19 years old, the trans-continental pedestrians, completed the journey from Spokane, Washington, to this city at 1:30 yesterday afternoon. They left the western city on May 5, on a wager with a New York woman that they could not cross the continent in less than seven months.

The conditions of the wager were that each of the women was to leave town with only $5 and earn their living enroute. If any sickness befell either the time consumed by it was to be subtracted from the total time. On the way across the continent they worked at anything. They did house work, sewing and sold photos of themselves.

MR. HATCH'S DEMISE.

Death of the Noted Congressman at His Home.

Hannibal, Mo., Dec. 24.—Ex-Congressman W. H. ("Farmer") Hatch died at 9 o'clock last night of a complication of troubles resulting from Bright's disease. He was stricken early in the week, and since Monday his case has been considered hopeless.

Mr. Hatch achieved fame as the author and champion of the anti-option bill, which was defeated in Congress several years ago after a protracted struggle.

FOR FAMINE SUFFERERS.

Proposed Gift for the Starving People of India.

New York Dec. 24.—At a meeting of the board of managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church a proposition was presented from the Rev. R. G. Hobbs, of Jacksonville, Ill., suggesting that a ship load of corn could be readily raised in that state for the relief of starving people in India, and desired the board of mnagers to take measures for carrying out the plan.

A GRUESOME PICTURE.

Suicide by Shooting Caught by the Camera.

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Miles Pierce, a photographer, posed himself in the big plush chair in his gallery with the utmost nicety one day last week. He presented a three-quarters view to the lens of the camera, which was focused upon him at close range. A drop shutter was attached to the instrument and an instantaneous plate was in the holder.

When the photographer had adjusted himself to his liking he picked up a big revolver that lay on a table conveniently near, cocked it, and held the muzzle against his right temple.

In his left hand he gripped the bulb connecting with the camera.

As the forefinger of the photographer's right hand pressed the trigger his left contracted upon the rubber bulb. Simultaneously with the report of the weapon the eye of the camera winked, and that was all. The body of the man collapsed in the red plush chair.. The pistol fell with a clatter to the floor, a cloud of white smoke eddied up toward the skylight and slowly dispersed, and all was silent.

An hour or two later the body of the man was found. There was the usual wild excitement in the village, the constables were called, and then the coroner. The camera was shoved out of the way.

The verdict was suicide by reason of temporary insanity. The real reason is that nobody in Albany wanted to be photographed, and that Miles Pierce had no more money.

Wednesday the man who had purchased the photographic outfit found the plate in the camera. He had the curiosity to develop it. When the image on the negative sprang into view he was so startled that he let it fall and smashed the glass.

It was pieced together and a few proofs printed from it. The owner has exhibited them only to a few persons, and will not part with any. The drop shutter did its work, and the picture was recorded the instant the bullet had pierced the photographer's skull.

THE DAY AT CANTON.

Major McKinley Enjoyed His Christmas Turkey.

Canton, O., Dec. 26.—Ideal Christmas weather prevailed in Canton yesterday. The air was cold and crisp and the earth was shrouded in snow to make sleighing a pleasure. President-elect McKinley and his household made the most of the opportunity offered. No thought was given to work or business during the day.

The greater part of the morning Major and Mrs. McKinley spent in driving about in a double-seated cutter, having with them the various members of the family at the old homestead, where Mother McKinley and her daughter reside. At this modest little home the President-elect ate his Christmas turkey.

It is many a year since he ate Christmas turkey at any other place. No matter what has been his official position, he always makes it a point to be at his mother's home as her guest on Christmas day. Yesterday's gathering was strictly a family affair. With the major's mother and his sister Helen were the children of his brother James, home from school to spend the holidays, and half a dozen or more cousins who reside in the city.

The dinner was served at the old-fashioned hour of mid-day, and digested while the family sat around the open fire in the "sitting room," and discussed matters of interest to the family. The evening was spent at the major's home with the guests at the dinner party, and a few close friends, who dropped in informally.

CAN'T TAX NON-VOTER.

State Supreme Court Rules a Kansas City Provision Is Invalid.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 24.—The Supreme Court decided yesterday that Kansas City had no legal right to tax qualified voters who fail to vote.

The section of the city charter providing that each qualified voter who failed to vote at a general election should be taxed $2.50 is declared invalid. This provision was in the charter, which was adopted in 1889 by an almost unanimous vote. It was to become operative in 1890.

The purpose of the law was to stimulate the sluggish patriotism of a large percentage of the better class of citizens who uniformly neglected to vote.

The court in its decision says: "Who can estimate the money value to the public of a vote? It is degrading to the franchise to associate it with such an idea. The ballot of the humblest in the land may mold the destiny of the nation for ages."

RICHARD CROKER

Will Lead the Tiger in the Municipal Campaign Next Year.

New York, Dec. 24.—A close personal and political friend of Richard Croker is authority for the statement that Mr. Croker has finally decided to lead Tammany Hall in the municipal campaign next year. He will not attend to all the details of the work, leaving those to subordinates, but will openly resume the real leadership of the organization.

According to this friend, Mr. Croker will go to England in March for a visit to his son, who is at school over there, but will return in six weeks, or about May 1. From that time forward to the end of the campaign he will be in personal charge of Tammany, and will shape the political policy of the organization for the first election in the Greater New York, which Croker believes Tammany can easily win.

THE DUNKARDS.

Buying Tracts of Land and Planting Exclusive Colonies.

Ligonier, Ind., Dec. 24.—The religious society known as Dunkards is endeavoring to purchase the entire region comprised within Brown county, in this state, to which its members will emigrate to establish a government of their own according to their peculiar notions. C. E. Everett, of Albion, is the projector of the scheme. He has already purchased 41,000 acres of land in that county, to which 100 families will remove in a few days.

The projectors say that neither jail nor court house will be needed, and that the election of local officers will be held only to comply with the law, as all property will be held in common.

Negotiations are also reported to be in progress for the purchase of an immense tract of land in Northern Wisconsin, where it is proposed to establish an Indiana Menonite colony.

MORE DEADLY GUNS.

German Artillery Will Make Some Important Improvements.

Berlin, Dec. 28.—The announcement in the French press that the conseil superieure has decided to reorganize the French artillery has created a considerable sensation, and if the news is true Germany will proceed to substitute for the present field artillery a gun equal if not better than the new French weapon, which is recognized in Germany as being far superior to the present German weapon in range, quickness of fire and general efficiency. The sum of 200,000,000 marks will be required for this reorganization of the German army, which it is intended should be accomplished in 1899. If France re-arms, Germany, it is stated, will do so at once.

BRYAN'S TOUR.

Silver Orator Says He May Quit After Filling Five Engagements.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 28.—William J. Bryan has given out the following:

Mr. McBee has, with my consent, transferred his contract to H. Briggs & Co., of Greenville, S. C. Only five lectures have been arranged for up to this time. Whether I shall deliver any in addition to that number is as yet uncertain. I have some further work on hand which may interfere with further lecturing during this season.

W. J. BRYAN.

Kate Field's Funeral.

San Francisco, Dec. 28.—The final obsequies over the remains of the late Kate Field were held in Trinity church yesterday afternoon. The large edifice was crowded to the doors with the most prominent people of the city, who assembled to do honor to the memory of the dead woman.

Meat Do not despair. Read Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

THE WOOLSON DEAL.

The Sugar Trust Buys Almost All Its Stock.

New York, Dec. 24.—The Sugar Trust last evening closed the deal whereby it becomes the possessor of all but 60 shares of the Woolson Spice company. The price paid for the remaining 640 shares was $640,000, making the total paid for the 1,740 shares now owned by the Sugar Trust $1,905,000. The 60 shares which could not be secured are owned by Spence Acklin, of Toledo, he alone of all the stockholders holding out against the deal, Mr. Havemeyer's agent was in Toledo yesterday, and wired last evening to the Havemeyers that he had closed the purchase of 640 shares of the 700 shares remaining. This concludes the largest deal ever made in the coffee business, and is attracting a good deal of attention in mercantile circles.

The News in Toledo.

While The Blade predicted yesterday that it was only a question of a few days before the Sugar Trust would get entire possession of the Woolsons, it was aware that the negotiations were so near completion. There is no doubt that some delay was caused by a desire on the part of the Trust to take every dollar of the stock, but as Mr. Acklin was determined in his refusal to sell, the deal went on without him. Toledo is bound to be benefited by the result of this mammoth transaction. The money paid for the plant is in this city, and nearly all of it will be converted into other investments. Not a little will go in new buildings, and all of it can be added to the wealth of Toledo. Not only that, but the plant remains right here, and the same men who have been running it will continue to do so. The Blade is authorized to say that there will be practically no change in the management, and the employes will be as they have been, residents of Toledo. The addition of the Havemeyers to the business interests of this city can scarcely be appreciated at first glance. With a personal capital of $50,000,000 they represent a corporation capitalized at $70,000,000, and one that exerts a wonderful influence in the mercantile world. Mr. Havemeyer is well pleased with the manner in which the whole transaction has been conducted, and it is not too much to say that he is likely to gradually add to his Toledo interests.

THE SECOND TIME.

Another Train Held Up in the Blue Cut.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 24.—The St. Louis and Chicago express on the Chicago & Alton railroad, which left here at 8:45 o'clock last night, was held up by bandits in Blue Cut, just east of Independence, Mo., and less than fifteen miles east of this city. The same train was held up at the same point less than two months ago. The robbers cut the locomotive and express car from the train and proceeded down the road.

They looted the express car and obtained several packages of money, then took to the woods, leaving the engine dead and several miles away from the train.

When the excitement among the passengers and crew who had been cut off from the engine and express car had abated, a number of the trainmen who had been left with the train started on foot to find the balance of the train. It was fully two hours after the robbery occurred that the crew came up with the engine and express car, fully three miles from where the train had been stopped. When the baggage car was opened by one of the crew Express Messenger J. A. Fryer, who had been left by the robbers with the command not to move under pain of death, quickly emerged from his cramped position and aided the others in patching up the train. There was evidence of money packages having been opened, and it is the general opinion that several thousand dollars have been taken. Messenger Fryer could give no estimate of the loss, however.

How the Robbers Looked.

He had a good view of the robbers and described two of them as being quite tall, and he thought smoothly shaven. They were about 25 years of age. The third man, the one that attempted to blow open the safe, was about 35 years old and had a small moustache.

The robbers had all evidently left the scene immediately after concluding the business, though Fryer remained alone in the car two hours after. Had the robbers succeeded in opening the through safe they would more than likely have made a rich haul, notwithstanding the express company official's statement that it contained but little.

George P. Griffin, depot agent of the company who knows the contents of the safe, refuses to make a statement. It will be remembered that George E. Ross, the company's local cashier, now under arrest, charged with embezzlement, handled over $100,000 on the day before he left, and it was Sunday. The belief is that just at this time even that amount was exceeded, and that this plum was what the robbers were after.

A GRAZING DISPUTE

May Cause Some Bloodshed in Colorado.

Denver, Dec. 26.—Advices from Routt county indicate that war between the cattlemen and the sheepmen may break out any day. For the past few days cattlemen, ranchmen and others interested in maintaining the range of Routt county for the benefit of cattle have been congregating in the northwestern portion of the county at a point on lower Snake river. The men came in twos and threes and in companies numbering as many as thirty-five. Every man is well armed and thoroughly mounted. Mess wagons accompanied many of the largest outfits and every preparation appears to have been made for a lengthy campaign. There are fully 250 men in the two camps on Snake river.

Military rule has been adopted and the men are divided into companies, each company having a captain with a commander-in-chief in charge of the entire force. No one is allowed to come or go without being satisfactorily accounted for. This precaution is due to a report which was received to the effect that Griff and Jack Edwards, the principal sheep owners, have secured the services of a large force of men to meet the stock men.

The present trouble has been brewing for some months and the feeling has been running high especially in the Browns' Park country where the greater portion of sheep are now ranging. The Browns' Park men say their cattle range is being utterly devastated by the sheep. The stock men will request the sheep men to remove the sheep across the boundary line and if they refuse, will assume the task themselves and maintain a guard to enforce the boundary.

NEW IRON PROCESS.

Oxide Successfully Extracted From Rock With the Use of Electricity.

New York, Dec. 26.—When Thomas A. Edison began experimenting with electricity as a means of extracting iron oxide from rock a shiver ran through the spiral columns of iron mine owners. Then the matter was forgotten and the public heard nothing more about magnetic separators until a few days ago, when the news came out that the method was not only perfected, but that by it 5,000 tons of bessemer steel were being turned out every day at Edison, N. J. Mr. Edison has been developing his newest discovery quietly and now his smelting works and their appurtenant buildings cover many acres among the Jersey mountains. The rock is blasted out of open quarries, 5,000 tons at a time, and carried by enormous electric cranes to rollers which crush the largest bowlders as if they were lump sugar. After passing through a series of these rollers the fine rock falls past 700 magnets, which extract the ore, sending it along to the furnaces almost free of extraneous matter. From the furnaces the ore issues in nuggets of bessemer steel ready for the mills.

LUCKY BEN.

Gen. Harrison Recovers a Timepiece Stolen From His House.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 23.—Several weeks ago Gen. Harrison's house was robbed of a gold watch belonging to his wife. He offered a reward for its recovery, and yesterday he received a package from Chicago containing the watch. The local police had nothing to do with the recovery, and Gen. Harrison would say nothing, except to admit the receipt of the watch.

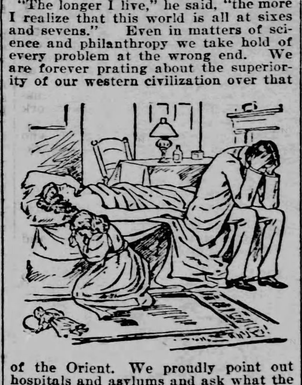
IN THE ORIENT.

A Scientist Compares the Customs of the East and West.

A SAD DEATH-BED SCENE.

A scientist of world-wide fame was talking with a party of physicians in a New York cafe the other day.

"The longer I live," he said, "the more I realize that this world is all at sixes and sevens." Even in matters of science and philanthropy we take hold of every problem at the wrong end. We are forever prating about the superiority of our western civilization over that



of the Orient. We proudly point out hospitals and asylums and ask what the East has to show in lieu of them.

"I have spent a fourth of my life in China and other eastern countries. I will tell you one thing that China has to show that alone acts as an offset to all our vaunted hospitals and asylums. It is a common-sense starting point upon which to base the practice of medicine. I cannot say much for the Chinese knowledge of drugs and their virtues, but I cannot admire too much the common-sense basis upon which their practice of medicine is based.

"A Chinaman pays his physician a stated fee just so long as he remains well. The minute he gets sick he stops the fee and the physician is deprived of his income until the patient recovers his health. That's common-sense. It's starting out at the right end of the problem. It is a procedure based upon the true science of health.

"With us the opposite is true. With us the tail wags the dog. We pay a physician to restore our most precious endowment after we have lost it, not to guard us against its loss. In other words, we invariably lock the stable-doors after the horses are gone.

"The Chinese procedure is deep-rooted in common sense; our in imbecile. We inculcate the idea that health is only worth looking after, when it is gone. As a consequence we build great hospitals for incurables, and costly homes for orphans. Then we brag about them, and the heathen snicker in their sleeves. When you get down to facts, these institutions of which we are proud, are but monuments to our pig-headed imbecility. We are infinitely in advance of all eastern nations in medical knowledge, but apparently just as far behind them in cold common sense.

"I have just come from a house of mourning. It was the home of a dear friend. I found him and his motherless child mourning beside the deserted temple that was once a devoted wife and loving mother. The departed one had been a beautiful and sweet woman, an affectionate wife and a loving mother. She had died in the springtime of life. Why? Because she did not know the first principles of her own nature. Because she was unwittingly guilty of an ignorance of her own womanly-self that would amaze the much abused heathen. Because it is instilled into Western people that health is something that needs no looking after until it is gone—gone utterly and irretrievably. Because, neither in childhood, youth, or maturity, had she learned that a woman's very existence, yes, and the perpetuation of the race itself, are dependent upon the health and vigor of the feminine organs that make motherhood possible."

No truer words than these were ever uttered. There is crape on many a door to-day, mourning in many a home, and orphans innumerable, that would not be, if women were but taught in time the supreme importance of keeping the distinctly feminine organism in a healthy and vigorous condition. Ignorance or neglect upon this point is responsible for almost all the suffering that thousands of tortured women silently endure.

The woman who suffers from weakness, or disease of her womanly-self is unfitted for the commonest duties of life. If she neglects these conditions she will become sickly, nervous, fretful and incapable. She will silently suffer untold agony. She becomes unfitted for wifehood, and motherhood will be to her a menace of death.

All suffering and unhappiness is easily avoided if a woman will take proper care of herself, and have resort to the right remedy. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an unfailing remedy for all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. It acts directly on these organs only, making them strong, vigorous and healthy. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and stops all debilitating drains. It prepares for motherhood. Taken during the period of gestation it banishes the usual discomforts, and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures a healthy child. It endows the young mother with added recuperative powers and shortens the period of weakness and debility that follows parturition. It insures an abundant supply of nourishment for the newcomer. Thousands of women have testified to the wonderful merits of the "Favorite Prescription." Those who wish to know more of it should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. All good druggists sell it, and an honest druggist will not offer some inferior medicine as "just as good" for the sake of a little extra profit.

There is always one thing that is better than all others of its class. There are quite a number of medical books intended for the instruction of wives and mothers but there is only one that is "best." That is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is the only home medical work that is written in plain everyday language and will enable a woman to save the family many dollars in doctor's bills. It contains 1008 pages and 300 illustrations. It contains several chapters devoted to the reproductive physiology of women and the ailments peculiar to them. Over 680,000 copies were sold at the original price of $1.50 each. A new edition is just out and will be given away absolutely FREE. If you want a copy in heavy manilla cover, send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. If you prefer a fine French cloth binding, beautifully stamped, send 10 cents extra, 31 cents in all.

FOREIGN.

TURKEY TO BE COERCED.

Powers Have No Faith in Sultan's Promises.

London, Dec. 23.—As frequently announced from various capitals since the visit of the czar to the queen at Balmoral in September last, the powers have finally become convinced that the sultan's promises amount to nothing, and they are determined to begin a policy of coercion. All information points to the accuracy of the news received today from Constantinople and cabled to the Associated Press.

The Marquis of Salisbury on Monday last summoned the ambassadors to the foreign office and communicated to them the views of the British government on the definite proposals of Russia for joint intervention in order that each ambassador might communicate them to his own government, and thus enable the representatives of the powers at Constantinople to be properly instructed.

There is reason to believe that unless the sultan, within the next ten days shows a deference of which at present he is little suspected, very decisive steps will be undertaken in the name of the joint powers.

In this connection the Novoe Vremya of St. Petersburg says it is probable that within a few days the Russian Black sea fleet will appear in the Bosphorus, where it will be joined by the squadrons of the other powers from the Dardanelles.

CUBA'S DEBT

Amounts to More Than Four Hundred Million.

New York, Dec. 24.—A dispatch to the Sun from Havana says: It has been officially announced that the government's expenses from March 4, 1895, to June 30, 1896, were $73,802,363, without including the expenses of the navy, estimated at $45,000,000; the secret expenses of the governor general for diplomatic services and the ordinary budget of the island, which is over $26,000,000. In the six months from July 1 to the present time it is estimated semi-officially that the army has cost $40,000,000 more.

The general debt of the Island of Cuba is now $425,000,000, bearing interest at 5 and 6 per cent. per annum. The total revenues of the island since the revolution began, in February, 1895, have been scarcely $20,000,000. In 1896 the custom houses and the lottery and duties on stamps have produced only $8,000,000. Direct taxes have produced only $3,000,000.

No more is needed, after the above figures, to show that the Spanish government has practically lost control of Cuba. Taxes cannot be levied in the country by the Spanish authorities. The Spanish Bank of the Island of Cuba, which is the tax collector for the government, has now no agencies outside of the suburbs of the fortified towns. No one fails to recognize that the situation is terrible, and that the island can never pay the debt of $425,000,000.

A policy of "bluff" is to be initiated by General Weyler in order to counteract the generally prevailing pessimism among the commercial classes. It is reported that a decree is ready announcing the pacification of the province of Havana as a result of Maceo's death. From the governor general's palace news is also given out that the insurgent leader, Ruis Rivera, is in a very desperate position in the province of Pinar Del Rio, starving with his troops and without munitions. The leading editorials in the newpapers are full of optimism, reflecting the ideas which Weyler desires to propagate among the people. Any one reading the Diario de la Marina, La Lucha and La Union Constitutional might imagine that we were enjoying here all the blessings of peace, that there is nothing abnormal in the situation, and that the prevailing happiness is the result of the administration of public affairs by a court of angels. Weyler poses as a "magnanimous general." The only trouble with which this good and happy people are afflicted, as the Diario de la Marina says, are "the calumnies of the American press and the insulting attitude of the people of the United States."

At the same time these newspapers crowd their news columns daily with reports of engagements with the insurgents in the six provinces of Pinar Del Rio, Havana, Matanzas, Santa Clara, Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba, reports which convince all impartial readers that the prospect of early pacification is very remote.

In Havana terror prevails on account of political persecutions. There is no reasonable hope that the American citizen, Julio Sanguily, will be acquitted, notwithstanding the fact that no important evidence can be adduced against him. After he seated on his lawyer will appeal to the Supreme Court of Madird upon some informality in the proceedings. But this will amount to nothing. As a matter of fact the Supreme Court has no power to reverse the sentence of the Audiencia. If the Audiencia says that Sanguily is guilty he has nothing to gain except a little time by an appeal to Spain.

With one exception the judges who compose the tribunal are Spaniards well known for their reactionary political sentiment. The only Cuban magistrate among them was raised in Spain, and is highly influential at Madrid. It is not at all likely, therefore, that Sanguily's trial, now in progress, will be decided by justice rather than by political prejudice.

MENACING THE CAPITAL.

Cuban Insurgents Close About the Gates of Havana.

Cincinnati, Dec. 23.—A special to the Commercial Tribune from Key West, Fla., says the report that Gen. Weyler has started [illegible] Cincinnati, Dec. 27—27 Dec 98 is going into the field again is confirmed by passengers on the Havana boat. Preparations are being made with secrecy for a forward move. Three battalions of newly landed troops left by water Sunday for the east. It is supposed that this is part of Weyler's coming campaign. Gomez is advancing rapidly, and it is thought that Weyler will, if possible, prevent his coming to the gates of Havana.

It is stated from Cuban sources that the Cuban leader is wild over the murder of his only son and his beloved chief lieutenant, and is burning to revenge their fall. The Cubans in the army are infuriated also.

Dr. Zertucha is a marked man, and it is reported that a move has been made to abduct him. He is now in a fortress some miles from Havana with a strong Spanish guard. His trip to Spain will be postponed, the Cubans say, as if he goes over there they have friendly hands in that country who will avenge Maceo and young Gomez.

Major Cirujeda also comes in for his share of hatred and revenge. Strong insurgent bands are now so close to Havana that the Spanish soldiers seldom venture far out of the gates except in strong force. A company of twenty-five were attacked Sunday night not over three miles from the palace by an insurgent band and several killed. This audacity has worried Weyler, but he cannot capture or disperse them. An American named Amos Jounson from Texas is their most prominent leader.

TALKING ONCE MORE.

Gen. Weyler Again Submits to an Interview.

New York, Dec. 26.—A despatch to the Herald from Camp Arroyo Grande, foot of the Rangel Hills, Pinar Del Rio province, December 24, via Havana, Cuba, says: In an interview with your correspondent, Captain General Weyler said: "I have 26 battalions ranging from 800 to 1,000 men each, occupying all the hills of the province. These columns have destroyed everything in sight, and have been able to subsist on the cattle of the insurgents which were found grazing in the hills, and with whose destruction died their remaining hope of sustenance. They must either starve or submit, and some may prefer to do the former owing to their remarkable apathy."

"But, why are there so few presentados, general, in other words persons willing to lay down their arms?"

"That point is easily cleared up. I know that they have held meetings with the idea of coming in as presentados, but have been told that I murder them all, but not knowing that they hope to throw away their arms and pose as pacificos still. When the presentados began to come in crowds, and the rest find that they are not killed, there will be a general rush to surrender."

"You can tell pretty well by the number of arms given up how many have been concealed, can't you?"

"I am not sure there are more arms than there are insurgents. To show their desperate condition I can tell you that I know positively that Maceo himself went three days without food before he was killed."

"You still believe him dead?"

"Beyond a doubt, certainly. We even know where his body is, but we do not like to disinter it, as it would savor too much of profanation of the grave."

"Why has Arolas left the trocha with 8,000 men to take part in the active campaign?"

"Because the necessity for the trocha as a defensive line no longer exists. There is, however, a considerable force there still amply sufficient for all present purposes."

"Do you expect to capture Rius Rivera?" I asked rather irrelevantly.

"I don't think Rivera will show himself at all," said General Weyler. "We never hear from him, but sometimes do from one of the Ducasse brothers."

A FAIRY STORY.

Filibustering Tug Said to Have Defeated Two Gunboats.

The Cuban literary bureau furnished the country with a Christmas sensation on Friday in the shape of a wild and woolly story about a naval battle. This report came through the New York press, and was indefinitely dated "At Sea." This wonderful tale purported to tell how the little filibustering tug, Three Friends, met two Spanish gunboats on its last expedition, defeated them in a fight and escaped. The armament of the Three Friends consisted of one Hotchkiss glun and fifty men with rifles. The story claimed that the two Spanish coasters were driven off with four shots from the Hotchkiss and a volley from the small arms.

As usual the denial comes promptly, and there is nothing to confirm the story of the fight.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 26.—A special to the Commercial Tribune from Key West says that much comment was made in Havana over the report cabled from New York that the filibustering steamer Three Friends had been fired on by Spanish cruisers, and that the steamer had disabled a Spanish gunboat. This report is positively denied in official circles, who affirm that nothing of the kind occurred, but that the story is made from whole cloth.

It is admitted that the steamer landed on the south side of the island, but it is alleged that there was no fighting. It is furthermore declared that only a part of the cargo was secured by Gomez, Spanish coast guards having captured a good portion.

The Three Friends is at Key West, lying under the guns of the Raleigh. Captain Lewis refuses to say anything about his trip, save that he had been after derelicts. As to the story of a fight, he professes ignorance. None of the crew can be induced to speak of the affair. The vessel does not bear any marks of conflict.

Havana advices are that Gomez's advance guard has captured the town of Las Passega in Santa Clara province, taking the entire garrison and all their stores.

A battalion of fresh troops was sent to Matanzas from Havana to be sent to the front. Great exertions are being made to get a strong force to oppose Gen. Gomez, and three lines are being formed with the hope of getting the Cubans entangled between them and crushed.

Three Friends.

Washington, Dec. 26.—The secretary of the treasury has received official notice of the seizure of the Three Friends. No action has yet been taken on the information.

SPAIN ANXIOUS.

Will Try to Close Up the War Before McKinley's Inauguration.

Madrid, Dec. 26.—A Madrid special to the World says:

It is rumored that Gen.

WASHINGTON.

PEACE WITH HONOR.

Arbitration Treaty Has Been Practically Completed.

Washington, Dec. 24.—There is no longer any doubt that the general arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain is practically completed to the satisfaction of both governments, and that its presentation to Congress may be expected in the near future. Several minor amendments have been suggested and accepted from time to time during the progress of the negotiations, but it is now confidently believed that the clear copy which was forwarded to Lord Salisbury by Sir Julian Pauncefote a week ago, will at once receive the formal approval of the British premier and be returned to Washington in time to be presented to the senate for ratification immediately on the reassembling of Congress after the holiday recess, January 5.

As already outlined exclusively in The Associated Press dispatches, the life of the treaty is purposely made very short—only five years—but this is with the expectation of a renewal for a longer period if it shall prove to work well, and also to afford easy opportunity for amendment. Its purpose is to dispose peaceably and honorably of such questions as arise between the United States and Great Britain and will not admit of adjustment by the ordinary methods of diplomacy, excluding questions involving the national honor. The personnel of the arbitration commission is to be of the highest character, men selected from the judiciary of each country, in equal numbers—three from each side, and provision is made against a failure through a tie vote by the bringing in of an umpire. Neither the Venezuelan question nor the Bering sea issue is to go before this commission, but its first work probably would be to close up the Alaskan boundary controversy and some other open issues of minor interest but real importance.

Unlike the Venezuelan boundary arrangement, this treaty must go to our senate for ratification and the house of representatives also will have an opportunity indirectly to pass judgment upon it, for legislation will be necessary to provide the means to maintain the commission. The fate of the project in Congress can only be conjectured at present. Some fear is expressed that the issue made by Secretary Olney over the Cuban question may somewhat jeopardize this crowning piece of diplomacy, by inciting criticism and the display of ill feeling on the part of some senators who feel that their prerogatives have been invaded. It is known also that other senators favorable to the general project of arbitration have their own peculiar ideas about means, which they may attempt to carry out by amendments to the treaty. If these are of small importance they may be accepted by the executive and by the British government, but the whole great project of a general arbitration treaty is one which diplomatists feel must be entered upon with the greatest caution, and the agreement so far effected has been achieved with such difficulty that any considerable departure from the scheme proposed by amendments probably would lead to failure of the treaty, and thus give a formidable setback to the whole movement.

OUR NAVY.

Some Weaknesses if There Should Be War.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 23.—The excitement over the Cuban situation has brought with it the idea that war with Spain is a possibility. The idea of war has called particular attention to the condition of the United States navy, particularly with regard to the manning of the big battleships and cruisers. It is a notorious fact that a full complement of seamen is hard to obtain for the vessels already in commission. One fact more important than any other is the limited number of engineers in the navy. This is now the most important arm of the service, but the supply of competent officers in that corps is lamentably short.

Representative Francis H. Wilson, of Brooklyn, is working in season and out of season to remedy this real evil. He has introduced a bill and is supporting it energetically in the naval committee of which he is a member, for an increase of the engineer force of the navy. In discussing his measure Mr. Wilson made some very striking comparisons between the number of engineers and the number of line officers, now in the navy. Among other statements, Mr. Wilson said:

"The United States navy has now in commission vessels representing a total displacement of 122,750 tons and a total horse power of 215,363. On these vessels there are 277 line officers and 83 engineer officers. Great Britain in part of her navy showing the same number and type of vessels, with a displacement of 127,935 tons and a horse power of 211,760 has 209 line officers and 97 engineer officers on duty. This shows 14 more engineer officers on the same ships in the British navy and 68 less line officers.

"The excessive number of line officers is shown by comparing the ships possessed by each nation as the basis for the number of officers required. The last annual report of the secretary of the navy shows that England possesses 493 warships of all descriptions, built and building, while the United States has 73 vessels of all descriptions, built and building. The number of line officers for each ship of the United States navy is 9.90, while the number for each ship of the British navy is but 3.52. These are important figures, in my judgment, and demonstrate the necessity of a reorganization of our navy.

SEVERAL PARDONS.

Come as Christmas Gifts From the President.

Washington, Dec. 28.—The President has pardoned (to take effect January 1st) Wm. Jackson, sentenced October 18, 1895, to eighteen months' imprisonment at hard labor, for making counterfeit coin. He has also pardoned James Burwell, alias Charles Sherwood, in July last in Michigan, of bringing counterfeit bills into the United States. Burwell was sentenced in Canada more than twenty years ago to seven years' imprisonment for counterfeiting. The detectives since his return to the United States suspected him of a further offense of this kind that could not be proved, so he was arrested, tried and convicted last July on the same old evidence, and for practically the same offense for which he had been punished in Canada. The President in his endorsement says that whatever the technical rules of law may be, he does not think it fair or just to punish a convict again for an offense so nearly involved in his previous conviction.

The sentence of three years and six months' imprisonment and $5 fine imposed upon Washington Claypole, jr., in Western Pennsylvania, in May, 1894, for passing counterfeit money, has been commuted to three years actual imprisonment. A pardon has been denied to W. W. Lusk, sentenced in Western Missouri, in 1893, to six years' imprisonment for sending an obscene letter through the mails, the President holding that "this convict's crime is of such a nature and the evidence related to it are so detestable as to deserve a severe sentence." A pardon has also been denied in the case of W. T. Morrison, sentenced in Southern Mississippi to $25 fine for forgery.

OVER VENEZUELA.

Secretary Olney and Julian Pauncefote Have a Conference.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Secretary Olney yesterday held a long conference with Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador, relative to the status of the Venezuela settlement and the general treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain. The results of the conference were guarded with the usual secrecy, but there is good reason to believe it was the occasion for going over several new phases of the Venezuelan question which have developed with the return of the officials from Caracas.

The officials themselves are extremely reticent and will say only in general terms that the prospect of an acceptance of the settlement by Venezuela is good. It is understood, however, that there are important limitations to the acceptance which a ppear to make the case less hopeful of an immediate and satisfactory conclusion than has been expected. The plan of the extra session of the Venezuelan Congress has been practically abandoned, but the present outlook is that the Venezuelan authorities will convene Congres February 1, or 20 days ahead of the usual time.

On the question of general arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, Mr. Olney and Sir Julian have made the final draft of the treaty, and it is in the hands of Lord Salisbury awaiting his approval. No doubt exists of its approval, and it is expected to come daily.

THEY MAY AGREE.

Negotiations Between Spain and the United States.

Washington, Dec. 29.—"It has been learned from an authoritative source that Secretary Olney and Senor Dupuy De Lome, the Spanish minister, have practically terminated the negotiations on the Cuban question which are to be submitted to Congress when it convenes on January 5. The terms of the agreement are based on the recent official communication from Premier Canovas, addressed to the secretary of state. The premier states clearly the terms which Spain will accord to the insurgents and practically asks the United States to propose these conditions to her rebellious subjects. In return for our good offices Spain assures this government that she sincerely deplores the great commercial loss which we have sustained on account of the Cuban disturbance. She assures us that she is even now considering a reciprocity treaty which will deal mainly with the Cuban products and which will be framed in such advantageous terms toward this government that our losses, both in commerce and in the destruction of American property in Cuba will be most generously compensated.

Premier Canovas says that Spain cannot, of course, as a self-respecting and respected nation, stand before the world as having been coerced into measures by the United States.

Word From Spain.

New York, Dec. 29.—A Madrid dispatch to the World says:

"An evidently inspired editorial in the Epoca foreshadowing the possibility of an understanding between the Spanish government and President Cleveland has caused a profound sensation in Spain.

The Epoca, the organ of the conservative party now in power, says:

"Intervention in Cuba is perfectly logical on the grounds of material interests and not sentiment. It might become an inevitable necessity of American home politics and it is eminently to the interest of our country to avoid a conflict while we can do so with honor, maintaining our dignity and sovereignty.

"The present active efforts of Spanish diplomacy are all aimed, it is asserted, at convincing the American state department that the exigencies of domestic politics makes it possible for Spain to enter into any formal agreement or convention with the United States for the settlement of the Cuban question.

"Strenuous efforts are being made by the Spanish and other European governments to prevail upon President Cleveland to be content if Spain assents tacitly only to his interference and satisfies American opinion for the time being by the voluntary and prompt instituting in Cuba and Porto Rico of the reforms voted by the cortes."

DENIAL, OF COURSE.

Official Statement That Spain Has Made No Advances.

Washington, Dec. 29.—From official sources a denial is made of the statement that the Spanish premier Canovas has sent Secretary Olney a communication accepting the mediation of the United States in carrying out a plan of autonomy for Cuba. It is said no such letter has been sent, nor has anything of such a nature passed through the Spanish officials here. Negotiations toward home rule have proceeded for some months, and the last phase of these negotiations indicated an enlargement of the liberal rule laws adopted by the Spanish cortes last year, but not put in execution. Those arrangements as exclusively announced by the Associated Press embrace the election of the entire Cuban congress instead of a mixed congress of fifteen elected members and fifteen appointed by the queen regent and also a complete control by Cuba of her tariff. The latest statement regarding Spain's intentions with respect to the pacification of the island therefore deals with a past phase of them. Spain has since decided on a considerable more liberal scheme of reforms than the old one to which the latest publication on the Cuban subject has reference. As yet, however, the negotiations with respect to the enlarged reforms are tentative. A draft of them has not been received at Washington, and the information on them is of a general nature.

EDUCATE THE MASSES.

Li Hung Chang's Visit to America is Bearing Fruit.

Washington, Dec. 29.—According to news recently received here from unofficial sources Li Hung Chang's visit to England and the United States has already borne fruit in a decision of the Chinese government gradually to Anglicize the Chinese people, at least so far as their language is concerned. The Peking government recently issued instructions to the various viceroys and governors of provinces of the empire to establish schools for the teaching of the English language and western sciences in all the principal cities of the country.

According to the wording of one clause in the general instructions, the reason for this is that China, in order to keep herself on terms of equality and in touch with the great powers of Europe, "must educate the masses and encourage inventive genius and foreign learning among her people, together with that love of country and home and that devoted patriotism so conspicuously engrained in the hearts of those who have studied such languages and sciences."

GOT INTO TROUBLE.

The Three Friends Will Have Some Explanations to Make.

Washington, Dec. 28.—It is learned that when the alleged filibustering craft, the Three Friends, arrives at Jacksonville, whither she is bound in charge of a customs officer, she will be libeled for violation of neutrality laws. An important fact in connection with the case, it is said, will depend upon whether or not the Three Friends had a gun mounted aboard her, the offense in this event being much greater than it otherwise would be, and not all dependent upon wiether or not the gun actually was fired.

At the Spanish legation no news has been received concerning the Three Friends, and nothing is known beyond press reports concerning the alleged fight with Spanish vessels.

JAPANESE STEAMERS.

They Have a Greater Trade on the Pacific Than the United States.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Japan has now a larger steamer carrying trade on the broad Pacific than the United States, and American who are near enough to watch the shifting scenes of this new and rapidly developing contest for commercial supremacy find little matter for pride in the present tendencies. This is the statement of United States Consul Bell at Sydney, contained in a report to the State Department upon the opening of the new Japanese steamship line between Yokohama and Australia. He describes the pioneer ship of the new line as she appeared in Sydney harbor and makes some interesting statements as to the splendid development of the Japanese people.

INTERNAL REVENUE.

Falling Off in the Receipts for November.

Washington, Dec. 26.—The monthly statement of the collections of internal revenue shows the total receipts for the month of November were $12,701,369, a decrease as compared with November last year of $227,357. For the five months of the present fiscal year the decrease was $651,957. The only notable increase for the month is $185,211 from whisky, while there was a decrease of $166,302 from tobacco. For the last five months the increase in the receipts from whisky was $1,401,392.

CONCERNING SILVER.

Chances for an International Conference Good.

Washington, Dec. 26.—It is the expectation of the friends of the movement for an international monetary conference that the question will be taken up in the Senate soon after the holidays, though it may be considered first in a Republican caucus.

The committee which was appointed by the caucus to draft a measure, has had the matter under consideration, and Senator Wolcott, who is chairman of the caucus committee, has prepared the draft of a bill which, if it is not accepted as a whole, will probably be used as the basis of whatever action is agreed upon.

The tendency among the members of the committee is to leave the selection of the conferees entirely to the President and thus depart from the precedent established in the Fifty-third congress, when provision was made for the representation of this country at a conference then proposed by dividing the selection of the conferees between the President and congress. It is also proposed to leave the number of members to the discretion of the President, depending upon the action of other countries on this point. An appropriation will be provided for carrying the act into effect. It is not yet definitely determined how far the proposed legislation will go in providing for this country's taking the initiative in securing the conference, but the probabilities are that this will be left to the discretion and inclination of the President. The bill is being prepared for the purpose of providing the means for carrying the Republican platform on this subject into effect, and the members of the committee generally hold that Mr. McKinley will require only the means to proceed with to cause him to use his utmost endeavors to secure an international agreement.

The committee has been considerably encouraged over the reports received as to the probabilities of the success of securing a conference, and of its success when once secured. Senator Hoar, who is a member of the committee, has given the other members much valuable information collected by himself while in Europe last summer. He told them that the conference in Germany was aggressively in favor of an international understanding, and that the sentiment was very favorable, but that the emperor was the stumbling block in that country. He has also expressed the opinion that England would be found much more tractable on the question than is popularly considered probable, and has suggested that a little pressure of a business character might be brought to bear with good effect on England, going so far as to say that the payment of some of the debts owed by this country in England in silver, might bring the English people to a speedy realization of the importance of an agreement on the subject, and prove a valuable object lesson.

THE INAUGURATION.

Preparations Under Way for the Great Parade.

Washington, Dec. 24.—Chairman Bell, of the inauguration committee, has returned from New York, where he had a conference with General Horace Porter, the chief marshal of the inauguration parade. Gen. Porter has appointed Mr. A. N. Blakeman, of New York, chief of staff, and Col. H. C. Corbin, United States Army, as special aide. Other appointments will be made from time to time.

Gen. Porter already has perfected the outlines of the arrangements for the big parade and has decided that when once started it will not be allowed to stop until the disbanding point is reached. Both military and civic organizations will be required to march in columns of 2 from instead of 16 as heretofore and in close order, the purpose being to have 12,000 marchers pass a given point each hour. The question of position in the parade will be determined by the order in which the several states represented came into the Union. Large representations of cadets from the naval academy at Annapolis, and the West Point military academy are expected.

From information received Gen. Porter does not expect as large representation of the National Guard of Pennsylvania as usual. Circular letters to governors of states are in course of preparation asking information as to their personal escort and the number of state troops who expect to take part in the parade, and similar information will be requested from others. All organizations will be required to notify the chief marshal of their desire to participate in the parade prior to a certain date to be hereafter named in order that there may be no confusion as to positions.

A storm circular also will be prepared ready for distribution in case of a heavy storm on March 4, which would necessitate some changes in the programme.

Chairman Bell to-day had an interview with the secretary of the interior in regard to the use of the Pension office building for the inaugural ball. The use of the building was freely tendered and accepted.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, of the army, will be appointed chairman of the reception committee by Mr. Bell.

THE CHOCTAWS.

Indians Are Anxious to Advance in Civilization.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Gen. F. C. Armstrong, of the Dawes Indian commission, has reached here and presented a report covering the work of the commission up to date. The report was accompanied by the new treaty with the Choctaws who have agreed by the treaty to break up tribal relations, and assume the new form of government within eight years. General Armstrong reports that the surveying and allotment of lands cannot be completed for four or five years, and outlines plans formulated by the commission for the disposition of various intricate questions that will follow the change of conditions. The commission believes that the other Indian nations are likely to follow the action of the Choctaws at an early date. It is possible, however, that there may yet be some hitch in carrying out the treaty. A protest against the treaty doubtless will be made to Congress. Another obstacle possible but not probable may be presented by the Choctaws themselves when the treaty is submitted by the delegation who signed it to the nation itself, in case such ratification is necessary. In this connection it is understood that over a score of different drafts of the treaty were prepared and considered before the present one was finally signed.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

President Cleveland Has Recognized the New Union.

Washington, Dec. 24.—After several weeks' consideration of the status of Senor Roderiguez, the first minister of the Greater Republic of Central America, President Cleveland yesterday received him and accepted his credentials in a short speech which, while formal in tone, was thoroughly earnest in its evidence of good will towards the new American union. The President emphasized the purpose of our government to hold the individual states of the new union to responsibility for past claims.

New Rival for Carnegie.

Pittsburg, Dec. 29.—Another armor plate factory is one of the new enterprises of the near future for Pittsburg. Yesterday a charter was granted at Harrisburg to the Wheeler Projectile Company, of Pittsburg, with a capital stock of $350,000.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

William Ewart Gladstone, England's "Grand Old Man," celebrated his 87th birthday on Dec. 29.

During the Chartist movement in England, at its height half a century ago, Gladstone shared in the angry debates to which it gave birth. During the repeal movement in Ireland, when Daniel O'Connell was a leader, he occupied a seat in the House of Commons, and from that time until his retirement, in March, 1894, he played an important part in guiding the British ship of state.

With Gladstone have been associated in public life many of the foremost figures of the century—Father Faber, the poet, Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning, especially noted during the tractarian movement. These men have passed on—so have John Bright and Cobden, the apostles of free trade; so has Disraeli, his once powerful antagonist. Even the comparatively youthful Irish leader, Parnell, has gone.

Gladstone lives on, keeping in such close touch with humanity and humanity's woes that ever and anon his sympathetic nature must needs give vent to pleading or protest, and then, as of old, the world stops to hear his message, be it what it may.

FAR REACHING

Have Been the Failures of Chicago Banks.

Batavia, Ill., Dec. 29.—The liquidation of the Atlas National Bank of Chicago has precipitated the suspension of the Van Nortwick Bank of Batavia and the assignment by William M. and John S. Van Nortwick, of all their vast property interests, aggregating $2,500,000 to the Equitable Trust Company, of Chicago.

Articles of assignment were filed in the Kane county court at Geneva and were three in number, William M. and John S Van Nortwick, each assigning as individuals and the two assigning as a firm. Their schedule of indebtedness was not filed with the articles of assignment, but the liabilities are said to aggregate $2,000,000. The Van Nortwick interests, aside from Batavia property, are largely in paper mills and manufacturing enterprises. The last statement of assets prepared a year ago placed their wealth at $2,500,000. They own a business block, residences and two farms in Batavia township, the whole valued at $150,000; also the Western paper bag factories of Batavia and Kaukauna, the largest concerns of the kind in the world, with a daily output of 2,000,000 bags; also a straw board mill at Batavia, unused. The paper mills at Appleton, Wis., are valued at $800,000. They own valuable pine lands in Wisconsin, and have stock in the old Second National Bank of Aurora, the Aurora Cotton Mills and the Kaukauna and Appleton Banks. They are principal owners of the Appleton Manufacturing Company, of Geneva, Ill. The brothers own 464 shares in the Atlas National Bank of Chicago.

Flag of Distress.

The Van Nortwick bank in Batavia has a large clientage. The bank has been soliciting deposits for some time past, paying large interest, a fact which with good business men gave evidence of weakness, if not distress. Such was the general confidence of Batavia's depositors in the Van Nortwick, however, that there was no run on the bank, notwithstanding the reports of the trouble of the Atlas bank, and the Van Nortwick's connection with the same. Cashier W. L. Grimes, of the bank, when seen by a reporter declined to give a statement of the bank's assets and liabilities; simply declaring that the depositors would be paid in full. The Van Nortwick's assets, he said, were ample to meet all liabilities if the assignees took sufficient time to realize upon the property.

Had the National Bank of Illinois not failed a week ago all might have come out well for the brothers, but that failure put off negotiations they had under way for a long time loan on a new plant at Appleton.

United States Comptroller Eckels was all this time calling in no uncertain tone upon the Atlas National to reduce its loans to its directors, particularly that to Wm. M. Van Nortwick. Failing to secure money on the Appleton plant, the borrowing director was unable to reduce his obligations to the imperiled bank of which he was a director.

This inability to reduce the loan forced the Atlas National to apply to the clearing house for assistance and then the liquidation of the Atlas compelled the assignment of the Van Nortwicks.

MAY GO TO SIBERIA.

Peculiar Plight of a Montana Man in Russia.

Helena, Mont., Dec. 29.—Governor Rickards has been notified by the State Department that John Ginzberg, a naturalized citizen of Montana, has been convicted in Russia of the crime of changing his nationality without the consent of the imperial government, and sentenced to banishment.

As Ginzberg has no money to get out of Russia, he will be sent to Siberia, writes Secretary Olney, unless funds are provided. Governor Rickards says he can do nothing in the case.

Ginzberg lived in the northern part of the state for years. He went to Russia to claim a fortune, which did not materialize.

CEMENT MAKING

May Become a Great Industry in Southern Michigan.

Laporte, Ind., Dec. 29.—The syndicate of Cleveland capitalists which has purchased 500 acres of land in Branch county, Michigan, on which to locate a mammoth cement plant, has secured options on large tracts in St. Joseph and Cass counties, Michigan, and consummated the purchase of land for a similar purpose in Steuben county, Indiana. Cement making promises to become one of Southern Michigan's great industries, and the plants which will be operated will give employment to about 1,000 men.

Looking After Fences.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Senator Dubois and C. A. Walsh, secretary of the Democratic national committee, have gone to Idaho to conduct a canvass in aid of the former's re-election. The Democratic senators have united in a letter to the Democrats of Idaho urging Dubois's re-election.

Cinnamon Killed Him.

Charleston, W. Va., Dec. 29.—Jas. Cart, whose home is in this city, died on Cabin Creek, near Coalburg, from the effects of essence of cinnamon, 26 bottles of which he drank last Saturday in lieu of whisky, which could not be obtained. His body was brought here for burial.

Ice Carnival Abandoned.

St. Paul, Dec. 29.—V. J. Rothschild, secretary of the St. Paul Winter Carnival association, was to-day authorized by the executive committee to announce that, owing to the mild weather, the association had been forced to abandon its plans for an ice palace this season.

Kalamazoo, Mich., is famous for celery. See Thos. Slater's offer on page 5.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Many Senile Eccentricities of the Aged Monarch Cause Gossip.

London, Dec. 29.—The year has laid a heavy hand on the venerable Queen of England far heavier than any one here likes to talk about, much less print. Her guests at Windsor now see very little of her, being led up after dinner, in groups of four, to where she is seated, and exchanging a few bald phrases on conventional subjects, in which they have previously been coached about. But they observe enough, even at such limited interviews, to form the opinion that she is gravely changed mentally.

Persons who would naturally take charge of various movements for celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of her reign are holding back in despair at the obstacles she puts in the way. The Chapter of St. Paul's, for example, made all arrangements to put in an elevator for her use, to obviate the mountainous flight of steps in front of the edifice, but at the last moment she took the whim of refusing to go near St. Paul's at all.

The new-fangled Victorian order, moreover, which is a strictly personal fad, has thrown the whole institution of precedence, which is so essential a part of court life, into unspeakable confusion. She insists that third-class members of this preposterous order shall take precedence over Companions of the Bath, of St. Michael and St. George, and of all the Indian orders, which that revolution is all the more intolerable because the Victorian decoration is given chiefly to household servants, railway managers, and others who used to be rewarded with presents for personal attendance and services.

Society is filled with whispered stories of royal eccentricities, but there are no suggestions in them of a condition which calls for public notice.

AWFUL BOG SLIDE.

Big Strip of Land Slipping Into the Lake.

Dublin, Dec. 29.—During the past terrible night and this morning the bog slide at Castle Island, county Kerry, continued unchecked, a copious rainfall helping the movement. The mass of bog, a mile and a half wide, roars like the ocean, carrying away bridges and roads, destroying houses and farms, sweeping through the Flesk valley and whirling peat, carcasses of cows, sheep and donkeys and debris of houses into the Lake of Killarney.

The people living in the direction in which the bog slide is coming have fled and the police, searching for bodies, are arriving on all sides.

Lord Kenmare has caused a cordon of guards to be drawn around the slide in order to prevent loss of life

The greatest excitement prevails in the vicinity and all the houses there are open to receive the hundreds of people rendered homeless by the disaster.

REVIVAL MEETINGS.

Movement in Cleveland to Establish an Eight Hour Day.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 24.—Trades union "revival" meetings will be held throughout the city next month, and a committee has been appointed by the Central Labor Union to take charge of the meetings and arrange for a mass meeting to be held at some centrally located hall. This action was taken last evening when the recommendations of the committee on organization were concurred in by the delegates to the central body. It was also decided that all the unions of the city would aid the building trades in their agitation for an eight-hour work day. All the unions will discuss the advisavility of demanding the Saturday half holiday.

A CORN SURPLUS.

Nebraska Farmers Loaded Down With the Grain.

Syracuse, Neb., Dec. 26.—About all the corn in Western Nebraska has been husked, and now the great problem is the manner in which it can be handled. Seventy-five thousand bushels of corn have been cribbed, and 55,000 bushels of corn have been shipped out by the elevators during the past two weeks. An extra freight train for corn is required every day. Many farmers are storing their grain.

SCHOOL TEACHER IN DISGRACE.

Tried for Hugging His Girl Pupils and is Publicly Discharged.

Decatur, Ind., Dec. 29.—Clark Calderwood, a teacher in the public schools of this county, was publicly discharged yesterday afternoon after a trial before the school board. He was charged with hugging, kissing and pinching his young girl pupils, and their parents petitioned for his release.

Pretty High-Priced Hog.

Washington, C. H., O., Dec. 22.—Ed. Klever, a Poland China hog breeder of Bloomingburg, Fayette county, has just sold his breeding hog, Headlight, to a Lessup, Ia., hog breder for the neat sum of $500.

Fifteen of the Crew Are Still Missing.

Bilboa, Spain, Dec. 29.—The steamer Carranza from Rotterdam for this port, has been totally lost off Cape Ajob. Six members of the crew were saved but fifteen are missing.

CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR: I have an absolute Cure for CONSUMPTION and all Bronchial, Throat and Lung Troubles, and all conditions of Wasting Away. By it timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have been *permanently cured*. So proof-positive am I of its power to cure, I will send *FREE* to anyone afflicted, THREE BOTTLES of my Newly Discovered Remedies, upon receipt of Express and Postoffice address. Always sincerely yours,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 98 Pearl St., New York. When writing the Doctor, please mention this paper.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Is the only safe and perfectly harmless remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures Headache, whether sick or nervous; Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Weakness in the Back, Spine or Kidneys, Pains around the Liver, Pleurisy, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises and Pains of all kinds. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Sold by Druggists all the world over.

BITTER CONTEST

Will Be the Sugar Trust War On Arbuckle.

New York, Dec. 29.—The fight between the sugar trust and Arbuckle Bros. bids fair to be one of the fiercest contests in the history of American commerce.

The news from Chicago that the sugar people are negotiating for the purchase of the plant of W. F. McLaughlin & Co., has added interest to the battle. This is the third largest coffee roasting firm in the United States. Two weeks ago the sugar company acquired control of the Woolson Spice Company of Ohio, which is the second largest coffee roasting firm in the country.

The object of the trust is admitted to be to use these plants as clubs to prevent the Arbuckles from going into the sugar business. Already the Woolson company has reduced the price of roasted coffee. It is said that grocers in the territory supplied by it are now purchasing the product of the Woolson plant at less than the actual cost.

Why is the American Sugar Refining Company making so tremendous an effort to prevent the erection of the Arbuckle refinery in Brooklyn?

The Arbuckles intend to construct a plant of considerable size, with a possible capacity of 4,000 to 5,000 barrels a day, as compared to the 25,000 capacity of the Kent avenue refineries. This in itself would not seem to warrant the outlay of $10,000,000, which the sugar trust is reputed to be willing to spend to prevent the Arbuckle competition.

Mr. Havemeyer adopted no such vigorous measures when the Mollenhauers, of this city, built their new refinery, or when the Camden, the Philadelphia or the New Orleans plant was built. Heretofore the sugar trust has met competition calmly and with the ordinary weapons of trade. Its enormous production, its control of the raw product and the economy of its methods of manufacture have heretofore made the men interested confident that they could not be undersold.

Why Novel Tactics Are Employed.

The trust forced all previous rivals to terms by reducing prices and by wearing them out. Its tactics in the present case are very different. It is endeavoring to prevent competition before competition has actually begun, and even before work upon the rival plant has been started.

The reason for this has never before been made public. It is this:

The sugar trust fears the methods which the Arbuckles can use to introduce their product to the retail trade of the country.

Arbuckle Bros. are the largest distributors of roasted coffee in the world. Within the last few years they have revolutionized the business by the use of a cleverly constructed machine, which puts the coffee up into packages of regular weight and size. Its competitors, including the Woolson Spice Company and McLaughlin & Co., weigh and pack by hand.

The package machine is economical in operation, and is particularly so when compared with the cost of hand labor. It is automatic, and is so accurate that not a coffee bean is wasted in putting up vast quantities of ground coffee. Recently these machines have been so greatly improved that they can now pack sugar, spice or any other substance, no matter how fine or powdery without losing a grain, and the Arbuckles have been selling sugar so packed, brought from Philadelphia and distributed through their wholesale grocery in Pittsburg. This is what induced them to enter the sugar business on a larger scale.

The first idea of the members of the firm was to put up a small refinery in Brooklyn with a capacity of 200 barre's a day. Further considerations on the subject made them more ambitious. They thought that by supplying sugar in packages at prices no higher than is now paid for sugar in barrels they could attract an enormous trade. They felt that grocers would prefer to buy these packages, as they would save the time, trouble and expense of packing the sugar themselves.

Sugar to Dealers in Small Packages

They believe they could utilize the machinery of distribution which they use in getting their packages of roasted coffee into the hands of the retailers, their wholesale grocery in Pittsburg and their agencies in all large cities. They estimated that while they might not be able to buy the raw sugar, or refine it, so cheaply as the American Sugar Refining Company, this would be more than offset by the saving in the cost of distribution, and particularly that their packages would be so attractive to grocers that they would find a ready sale for their output.

The more they considered the matter the more ambitious their project became, until they finally decided to build a refinery upon the Brooklyn water front, with a daily capacity of 5,000 barrels.

No sooner did this plan become known than the sugar trust began its campaign for the purpose of forcing the Arbuckles to abandon competition.

Whether this campaign will or will not succeed it is impossible to foretell. The Arbuckles are preparing plans and arranging for the purchase or manufacture of machinery. They have employed experts to assist them in making their plant as nearly perfect as possible. They are now engaged in mending their financial fences and in gathering in all available cash assets. There is no indication of surrender. John A. Arbuckle, the head of the firm, is a fighter whose resourcefulness and endurance have been tested many times, but great as are the resources at his back they are overbalanced by the enormous wealth of the sugar trust.

FRAUDULENT CONCERN.

How Swiss Farmers of Ohio Have Been Swindled.

Wooster, O., Dec. 24.—As the result of placing confidence in a stranger a number of Swiss farmers residing in Baughman and Sugar Creek townships have been swindled out of large sums of money. The men are engaged in the manufacture of Schweitzer cheese, and late in the summer contracted for their entire output to a man who claimed to be a member of a Columbus firm.

Three weeks ago the cheese was ordered shipped. After waiting a reasonable time for a return, and hearing nothing, a representative was sent to investigate. The man was not in Columbus long until he learned that the firm were swindlers and had decamped. Parties living in the cheese-producing section report that the firm secured at least $10,000 worth of cheese.

MRS. H. W. BEECHER

Fell in the House and Broke Her Hip.

Stamford, Conn., Dec. 28.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., sustained a serious accident yesterday, which may result in making her a cripple for the remainder of her days. Mrs. Beecher was visiting at the home of her son-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Scoville, in this city. She was attacked with dizziness, and in falling broke her hip in such a manner that she probably will never walk again without the use of crutches. Owing to the advanced age of 84 years, Mrs. Beecher's condition is admittedly serious, although there is thought to be no immediate danger.

Markets and Crops.

LAST WEEK'S TRADE.

What the Reports of the Commercial Agencies Show.

New York, Dec. 26.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

The failure of two important banks, the second in size of business at Chicago, and the oldest at St. Paul, with some others dependent on them, closes not favorably a month which promised to end with only moderate commercial disasters. It does not lessen the effect of these failures that one was caused by enormous loans in aid of an electric railway and other concerns, and that the other appears to have resulted from heavy ventures in unsalable real estate. Since several thousand business men depositors are for the time embarrassed as much as the speculators that caused the trouble, the breakdown is the reverse of hopeful at present, although it comes when money markets are well supplied and when no serious effect on business is to be apprehended. Other important events of the week are the failure of billet and rail pools to find a basis for agreement, and the somewhat general discharge of hands or reduction of wages in the shoe manufacture. The holiday trade has been fair, but generally in articles of medium grade.

In the cotton manufacture there is further decline in some staple goods, and takings by northern spinners are disappointingly light. Print cloths accumulate and do not advance. Raw cotton comes forward just as it did in other years when official and other stories of injury ended in great crops. Sales of wool are restricted by the general conviction that prices asked by interior holders cannot be realized, and there is considerable disposition to unload speculative purchases at seaboard markets. Most manufacturers have more wool than they have orders, and others meet as yet not satisfactory demand for goods. Sales of wool were only 2,263,000 pounds at the three chief markets, against 5,326,300 for the same week last year.

Wheat has grown a little stronger in spite of the disturbance of the Chicago market. Exports have been 1,471,443 bushels, flour included; for five days, and 8,392,587 for the same week last year, while from Pacific ports the increase has been large. Western receipts are still small, amounting to 8,455,631 bushels in three weeks of the month against 14,344,879 last year.

The volume of business, all branches considered, is not large. Payments through clearing houses have been for the week 25 per cent. less than last year, and for the month thus far the daily average is 9.8 per cent. less than last year.

The aggregate of gross earnings of all railroads in the United States reporting for the first half of December, or a part thereof, is $12,017,126, a decrease of 4.5 per cent. compared with last year. Of sections of the country in which representative roads have reported, western roads, including the grangers, make the most favorable showing. Traffic on all roads has been far from satisfactory for several months, and as yet there is little indication of improvement, but the heavy losses in gross earnings reported by many roads is not entirely due to loss of traffic.

New York, Dec. 26.—Bradstreets says:

The arrival of the holidays, the close of the year and the period of annual stock taking have further checked the volume of wholesale business. Only filling orders are being received and trade is slow. Retail demand for holiday goods has been active, but it is for cheaper grades than in previous years. In other lines the distribution of merchandise has been smaller at a number of distributing centers. Failures of important banking institutions at northwestern cities tend to unsettle confidence in commercial and banking circles. Very few salesmen remain on the road, but most of them are preparing to go out in a fortnight. The moderate trade revival which followed the late Presidential election has been disappointing in that aside from the Christmas demand business has been more unsatisfactory for a month past than at a corresponding period in many years.

The shake-up in iron and steel prices is nearly complete and quotations for Bessemer pig iron and for steel billets have gotten down to the level of those for other staples.

The billet pool has been patched up nominally.

Anxiety is felt in the iron and steel trade as to the uncertainty of the price of lake ore under the new combination to control that staple.

Freer receipts of cotton tend to encourage high crop views and account for the reaction in price. Lard and petroleum are also lower.

Uncharged quotations are reported for wheat, flour, sugar, pork and coffee, as well as for print cloths, although heavy stocks of the latter are having a depressing effect on the market and are likely because of restriction of output in the near future. Exports of wheat, flour included as wheat, from both coasts of the United States this week amount to 2,111,702 bushels, against 3,524,000 last week, and 3,457,000 bushels in the same week a year ago. Exports of Indian corn this week hold up well, the total amounting to 3,175,000 bushels, as compared with 2,814,000 bushels last week and 1,839,000 bushels in the same week a year ago.

There are 327 business failures reported throughout the United States this week, 12 less than last week, and 11 more than in the corresponding week a year ago.

There are 45 business failures reported in Canada, against 39 last week and 30 in the week a year ago.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Dec. 29, 1896.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 29.	Dec. 22.
U. S. 4's (new), coupon	119½	119½
U. S. 4's (new), registered	119½	119½
U. S. 5's, coupon	113⅝	113⅝
U. S. 5's, registered	113⅝	113⅝
U. S. 4's, coupon	111½	110⅝
U. S. 4's, registered	109⅝	110⅝
U. S. 6's, registered	95	95
Pacific 6's of '95	96½	96½

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

Wheat opened higher and firmer to-day, the factors being higher cables, failure of two national banks, and shortage in the Russian crops. The bank failures, however, did not play a very important part. Opening prices were the lowest of the day. The large export clearances cause a strong turn upward, and prices closed at about the highest point of the day. May was the favorite in the deal.